

Ace

The background of the cover is a photograph of a woman with blonde hair, wearing a red, low-cut dress, looking upwards. To her right is a large, ornate classical statue of a muscular man. Above the statue, there are some green grapes hanging from a vine. The overall aesthetic is that of a mid-20th-century pulp magazine.

MARCH 1964
\$0.75

THE NEW WORLD OF THE NEW OF DISTINCTION

THOSE WILD, WILD,
WILD SIN COLTS!

THE FINE ART OF
LYING TO WOMEN

SPECIAL BEAUTY
CALENDAR FOR '64

More Pages, More Exclusive Articles and Fiction



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Norman Rockwell



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*We're looking for people who like to draw

IF YOU LIKE to draw, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist.

Some time ago, we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did. Some were unsure of their talent. Others just couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

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Illustrating this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, we organized a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting... lessons that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time. We then perfected a very personal and effective method for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings.

Our training works well. It has helped thousands find success in art.

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four years ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Father of Three Starts New Career

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "no-future" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester, knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw. Two

years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production Manager for a growing advertising agency.

With our training, Wanda Pickutski was able to give up her typing job and become the fashion artist for a local department store.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising illustrator, earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family.

Reta Page of Payson, Utah, writes: "Thanks to your course, I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to \$100 each."

Even before he finished our training, schoolteacher Ford Button had sold a monthly comic strip to one national magazine plus panel cartoons to a host of other magazines.

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To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special 12-page Art Talent Test. Thousands of people formerly paid \$1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade it free. People who show talent on this test are eligible for professional training by the School. Mail coupon today.

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BOOSTER NEEDS BOOST

Dear ACE:

After reading your article in the January issue, "The Drug that Turns Cowards into Heroes," I think it is a shame that such a miracle medicine should be denied the general public. I am a regular reader of your magazine, and I think it is one of my three favorites. So, could you tell me where I can get ahold of this drug?

Herman J. Schmenk
Keokuk, Ia.

(ED: Your best bet would be to consult your doctor.)

Dear ACE:

The implications of such a drug are almost terrifying to consider. Supposing two prize fighters—Sonny Liston and Floyd Patterson, for example—each had the drug. The results of their fight would then be too grisly to imagine.

Theodore Giardino
Pottsville, Pa.

(ED: The results would be no less grisly than the two Liston-Patterson fights produced and might end even more quickly—with Liston the winner, of course.)

Dear ACE:

Considering how dangerous such widespread use of a "bravery" drug might be (especially since every yellow hodium in the country would be tempted to use it), your magazine should have thought first before publishing this article.

Rudolfo Luz
San Antonio, Tex.

SIREN CALL

Dear ACE:

During World War II, my mother served as a WAC (or WAAC, as they were known then), and she told me that much of her experiences resembled what you described in your article, "Those Hush-Hush Sirens of the C.I.A." (January issue). Now that I am 18, and I might say, pretty good-

looking, I would like to offer my services to the C.I.A. My mother encourages me to do this. Where should I go to join up? I'd really like to serve my country this way.

Name Withheld
Omaha, Neb.

(ED: You can get information from your local post office.)

Dear ACE:

Describing what our female agents of the C.I.A. actually do is as unkind as revealing their ages. Can't a woman have any secrets—especially a woman who is giving her all for her country?

D. R. Posivic
Maple Heights, Ohio

HIGH-FLYING PLAYBOY

Dear ACE:

As a flying enthusiast for the past six years, I can't subscribe to your fears about what might happen when playboys start zooming around in outer space. As far as women are concerned, all a man needs is Will to find a way. I know—from experience.

Ted D. Lejaru
Santa Barbara, Calif.

(ED: Next time you see Will, just send him to our offices.)

SEEING SAWYER

Dear ACE:

Your cover girl for November, Tommie Sawyer, is one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen. Is that her real name? Is she descended from the original Tom Sawyer?

Gus Willoughby
Portland, Ore.

(ED: The original Tom Sawyer was born in the imagination of Mark Twain; your Tommie, however, is quite real—and so is her name.)

Dear ACE:

Tommie's just great! Let's have more on this beauty.

Flip Dubinsky
Rego Park, N. Y.

A Parisian Note for American Belles



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Yvette Bell

Fashion Coordinator

THE INCREDIBLE MAFIA GIRL

By Tad Ormsby

(Editor's note: The facts below are true, the names of the principals being withheld in the interests of an investigation being conducted by federal authorities. However, the astonishing beauty described is well-known not only to leaders of Cosa Nostra (Our Thing), but to prominent businessmen and city, state and federal officials.)

In a large American city there is a call girl who, unlike Britain's notorious Christine Keeler, does not operate on an international level and, to the best of knowledge, never accommodated a single Soviet official. This voluptuous beauty, however, devotes her energies to a clientele as incredible in status as British war secretaries and Soviet naval attaches. Her customer roster consists almost exclusively of business executives, police officials, district attorneys, judges, and federal agents; it also includes top racketeers. After all, in the United States when you are in enterprise, you can do business with whom you like—provided they can pay.


Nevertheless our American call girl, in this instance, is a paid

(Cont. on page 56)

Her beauty is ravishing; her power is frightening.







*When an avid voyeur
makes it with a lovely
exhibitionist, the zaniest
things will happen.*

FICTION / *by stuart wood*

ON THE LEVEL




As far as her legs went . . . so did I. I'd have gone further, but the shade was drawn partially, and as I swung onto the ledge, all I could see were her legs.

Don't misunderstand me—I'm no lecher, no see 'em and leave 'em type. Nothing like that. But I'm pushing twenty and healthy. And those legs! Boy!

She was young, too—with legs like those, she had to be—and if an undergraduate working as a window washer could put the make on a *really* choice item, I was the brainboy and this chick with the legs was the item.

The window was open.



I tugged at the shade and it snapped up with a swish, and there I was gazing at the two most perfect breasts in creation. Full they were, and round and firm, and by any criterion, utterly fantastic. She was powdering them with a fluffy pink puff, (Cont. on p. 68)



A man should never underestimat

THE



FINE

ART



OF

LYING TO WOMEN



THE SUBURBAN HUSBAND tiptoed up the stairs just as the clock donked three a.m. A light switch clicked and he froze, staring up at the thunder-black face of his wife. "All right, start talking, you worm," she said, arms akimbo.

"Well," he began. "I met this beautiful blonde and she asked me up to her apartment for dinner. We had caviar and *filet mignon* and lots and lots of champagne. After dinner, she put some Chopin on the stereo, turned the lights down real low and snuggled up to me on this red velvet sofa. She kissed me and told me she had to have me, that I excited her as no

the vanity of a woman—regardless of the truth

By Lansing V. Hayes

man ever had, that her passion for me was uncontrollable..."

"Stop right there!" his wife interrupted calmly. "Don't lie to me, you milktoast. I know you were out playing poker with the boys!"

Obviously, this fellow had mastered well the fine old art of lying to women. Married men, generally speaking, are more practiced in the art. It's usually the single guy whose lack of experience leads him into deep water when he attempts to prevaricate with females. To fish him out, this article will provide many pointers on how, when and to whom a man should lie.

Lies to women fall into three categories—the big lie; the little white lie; and the exaggeration. Let's look at an example of the big lie first.

Your steady girl has come up to your bachelor apartment for dinner. She emerges from the bathroom with fire in her eye and one, sexy, black net stocking dangling from her hand. Immediately you recognize it as having been left by one of the two chorines you and a buddy had been partying with in the apartment the night before.

"Just how," she says in a dangerously low voice, "do you explain this?"

"My suicide stocking!" You clap your hands. "You found it. I looked everywhere. I thought it was gone."

"Suicide stocking?"

"Yes. You see, a few years back, before I met you, my life was at a very low ebb. One night I attempted to slash my wrists. A friend found me in time. Afterwards, at his suggestion, I joined this organization, Suicides Anonymous."

"And what does that have to do

with this?" She waves the stocking at you.

"I'm coming to that. Suicides Anonymous operates on the buddy system. Each member pairs off with another member and they become buddies. The idea is that you help each other solve your problems. If you wake up in the middle of the night with an urge to take the gas pipe, you reach for the telephone instead, call your buddy and he comes over and talks you out of it."

"That still doesn't explain this!"

"Be patient. Anyway, my 'buddy' was a fellow who tried to hang himself for unrequited love. That stocking that you're holding is what he tried to hang himself with."

"So how did you get it?"

"One night the suicidal urge was upon him again. He called me and I hustled right over. To talk him out of it, I swapped him the razor which was my suicide symbol for that stocking, which was his suicide symbol. You see, I knew the sight of blood sickened him and that he'd never use the razor to harm himself."

"But why have you kept the stocking?"

"Suicide-ism is a disease," you explain patiently, "like alcoholism, or dope addiction. That stocking is my equivalent of the full bottle of whiskey the alcoholic always keeps on tap, or the junkie's unopened vial of morphine. It's sort of my security blanket. It helps me gain perspective when the suicide urge strikes."

Will she buy it? Of course she will. So outlandish and far-out an explanation just has to be believed. After all, who could make up so fantastic a story? To prove the

point, consider the so-called rational explanations you might have tried in such circumstances:

"My sister stayed with me last week; must have left one of her stockings behind."

Oh — "That stocking? Oh, uh, that's a souvenir from a strip joint I went to years ago when I was in college."

Or—"It's a sample of a product I'm working up a new ad campaign for."

In the order presented, her retorts might be as follows:

"You expect me to believe that your sister, that old-maid school-teacher from Peoria, has taken to wearing black net stockings?"

Or—"Souvenir from your college days, huh," as she studies the label on the stocking. "Quite a souvenir, I'd say, since you told me you graduated from college in 1945 while the war was still on, and this says 'MADE IN JAPAN!'"

Or — "Do they always perfume your ad samples and leave garter-belt clip marks on them before they give them to you, or is this a special case?"

Inevitably, whichever remark was called for will be followed by the wrapping of the stocking under discussion around your neck and the huffy leave-taking of the lady. Whereas the big lie, on the other hand, even if she doesn't swallow it completely, will give her pause while she mulls it over. Consider its usefulness in the following situations:

You have gotten drunk at a party and made a pass at your girl friend's roommate who has informed her of the incident. An explanation is demanded. Naturally, you must (*Cont. on next page*)

lie. Caught short, you might say—"That dame's got sex on the brain; I never did any such thing."

Since any female will believe any other female over any man ever born, such bald-faced and diametrically opposed lying will be quickly recognized for what it is. How much better off you might be with the big lie, as follows—

"The way you two are always switching clothes, from the back I thought it was you. By the time I found out it wasn't, the damage had been done. But from the eager way she reacted, if I were you, I'd watch that roommate of yours."

Or perhaps you've forgotten her birthday and feebly come up with this excuse—

"Gee, I meant to get you something, but I just got so consumed busy I didn't have a chance."

Again, you'll come off much better with a big lie, like this—

"I walked my feet off, searched and searched for just the right gift for you, something special, you know? Something that is you. Well, I finally found it, but it had to be ordered specially. I just can't get delivery until some time next week."

Just don't forget to go out and pick up any old something next week!

Next to mastering the technique of the big lie, that of telling the little white lie is most important in dealings with the fair sex. The little white lie is actually a calculated ego-builder. Since women invariably respond to the man who does this for them, it becomes an important tool in the art of lying to them.

The little white lie is often predicated on the law of opposites. This means telling a dull girl she's witty, telling a plain girl she's beautiful, telling a frigid girl she's subtly sexy, admiring the sophistication of a naive girl, and praising the down-to-earth, innocence of a sophisticated girl. Never mind the fact that such compliments are

patently untrue. Every girl who is conscious of her faults will respond to your verbally reversing them into virtues.

Various other common situations will call for different little white lies. It will behoove you to memorize some of the following:

She has just bought a new dress which makes her appear ten years older. You say: "Sweetheart, it looks like a million; makes you look like a teen-ager!"

Or say she has committed a *faux pas* at a dinner party, knocking the soup tureen into the hostess' lap, and is now wallowing in self-castigation. You know full well that she's right in her belief that she'll never be asked back there again, but you say: "It wasn't your fault; the table was set so atrociously as to invite an accident; believe me, the hostess is the one who should be blaming herself, not you."

Or maybe she's giving you her side of a dispute with that "sadistic" boss of hers. Even though you realize from her account that she's completely in the wrong, you say: "The man's a beast; you're too good for that job; you really should teach him a lesson and quit."

Little white lies are particularly useful in the initial play you make for any girl. Is she reading Nabokov when you spot her on the beach? Immediately he becomes your favorite author, so much so that you just have to stop and introduce yourself to a fellow fan.

In the early stages of such relationships, the third type of lie, the exaggeration, will also come in quite handy. It's particularly useful in setting up those vacation romances which you're already decided will go no further than the resort where they began. Since your first objective will be to arouse interest in yourself by the girl involved, your first exaggeration might be one of the following:

"Goodness, I've been so interested in talking with you that I neglected to call my stockbroker to

instruct him to sell U.S. Steel short and buy 1,000 shares of Aluminum Ltd."

Or—"It's such a relief to talk to someone who isn't fawning all over me to find out the secret of how I write. Ever since my first book was published last fall—"

Or—"I can't really discuss my work, you understand; it's top secret, completely hush-hush; but I can say you'll be reading about the results in the headlines in about six months..."

Another objective during these early stages is to establish some sort of rapport between yourself and the young lady. Exaggeration is invaluable in this. For instance:

"So you're the one Mary Zhlub's been telling me about all these years. Why, Mary and I have been platonic friends since I was so-high. She's mentioned your name, so when you mentioned her being a friend of yours, I knew right away..."

And—"Do I dig Yoga? I've been at it for years! And I've always hoped I'd meet a girl who feels the same way I do about it..."

And—"Conservatism's the only solution; I've long thought Barry Goldwater's the only hope for a return to basic values..."

This last, of course, may be altered to suit girls with liberal, or centrist leanings. The context of the lie—big, white, or exaggeration as the case may be—isn't really as important as how it's delivered. Great conviction is demanded of the man who would lie to women and get away with it. The important thing is to believe in your lie.

Perhaps the most dramatic example of such self-induced belief is the case of a brilliant publicity man who was assigned to "build up" a voluptuous blonde into a Hollywood star. Despite the fact that the girl couldn't act, the publicist managed to convince himself that she could. On the other hand, this luscious 20th Century lorelei, like most "dumb" (Cont. on p. 68)

Where Sex Appeal Flops

Sex may make the world go 'round, but when it comes to making records sell, it's been nothing more than a long-playing dud.

BY BUSTER WILSON

IN SHOW BIZ



A number of record firms have gone in for making sexy jackets to boost sales, but to most platter spinners such display isn't groovy enough.

See
next
page

WHERE SEX APPEAL FLOPS IN SHOW BIZ

MARY MARTIN, Ethel Merman, Julie Andrews, don't mean a thing as far as the record business is concerned. They may be big glamorous names along the Great White Way as Broadway is sometimes called. But they can't sell records, and that's what the business is all about.

Riding the sales charts right now are such names as the Four Seasons and the Shirelles, rock and roll groups which bang the cash register with sounds that are at least as pleasant as the music they bring to America.

It is a fascinating problem and no one can figure it out. Marlene Dietrich will be paid a goodly fortune by a movie company to make a film. La Dietrich, the sultriest and sexiest grandmother in show business today, will be paid equally high prices to sing in a night club. But when it comes to records the great lady is not in the same league with Chubby Checkers, who twisted his way to a fortune. Georgia Brown, the eye-filling, talented star of the Broadway hit, *Oliver*, has yet to score big in record sales on her own. The same holds true of such sultry lassies as Jane Russell and Jane Wilkinson.

The cash box—not art or sex—is what our major and minor record companies believe in. The situation is complicated by the nasty little fact that the kids from eleven through sixteen hold the keys to that money trunk. What the kids buy the record companies will make, and when they come up with a winner they naturally promote the hell out of it. Since records are relatively inexpensive to produce each company goes whole hog to repeat its insane successes until juke boxes from coast to coast ring with all the non-musical fervor of the twelve-year-old.

Mary Martin, Ethel Merman, Julie Andrews, Marlene Dietrich, Alfred Drake, Yves Montand—forget them! They are theatrical personalities, and outside of Original Cast Albums of their hit shows—who needs them? The money is made—the big money—when juvenile America approves. So decisive is the kid factor in musical economics that the twelve-year-olds are the de facto controllers and tastemakers

of the record business. Of course, there is the classical market and the adult market, but the big money, the jackpot, the sweepstakes winners are determined by high school and junior high school undergraduates.

None of us is going to weep over the fact that the theatrical superstars don't sell records, because at least they make them. Yet, there are other singing performers who have won acclaim from the country's top critics, whom record companies will not touch with a ten foot pole. Bitter experience and statistics indicate such performers will not sell. Consequently some of the most fascinating talents and voices go unheard by millions of Americans who might want to listen. (If this argument sounds specious—remember that any network TV show which only wins four or five million viewers is thrown off the air. There is a parallel in the record business although the economic requirements are different.)

The twelve-year-old invasion of popular music began after World War II and Elvis Presley became the first great idol. Presley, who unlike many of those who followed, was a young man with talent. He actually felt the power of rock and roll music which is related to "rhythm and blues," with the beat stepped up. Rhythm and blues is, itself, a derivative of gospel music. What Presley felt in his bones, so to speak, was the drum beat which would move the deep emotional feelings of post war kids. In a complicated and confused world, the primitive drive of R & R cut a clean path of emotional release for our young, "locked-up" citizens. Later, some analysts and critics contended that R & R was no different from earlier phenomena in music and dance, such as swing, jazz, Charleston, Dixie. However, there is an observable difference. Swing not only won the kids. It won a good section of the adults, as well. Jazz-based, swing required the big band and fairly complicated musicianship. R & R is quite simple, and half of its young adherents feel competent enough to become composers and performers in the R & R fashion. R & R, plus a number of other factors, wiped out the big band, relegating names like Benny Goodman, Glen Miller, Harry

James to history's shadowed corner.

Jazz, and the Dixieland variation has endured as a major American music art form for more than a half century. Jazz has had a wide influence on music in the United States and in many parts of the world. However, today jazz reaches mostly an adult audience and only a fraction of that. While many jazz musicians and composers are revered by their followers none of them become rich.

The Charleston craze was not introduced into the American Way by a kid revolution. It was an adult invention which the kids liked, too. On the other hand R & R failed to win adult approval until the Twist came along. Then the adults began to catch on. The Twist proved an innocent mass orgiastic form. Yet, the main observation to be made is that the kids invented the whole bit, and the adults to a certain extent bought it. R & R became OK. Network TV could feature twisters by the ballroom-full. The day when pioneer Elvis Presley created a furor (TV never photographed him from the waist down) with his pelvic grind was gone and forgotten.

This jungle-beat and wailing-record music eventually brought to life more record publishing companies than the country had ever known. They popped up like mushrooms in a fertile field after a good day of rain.

Making records is quite cheap. A fully equipped stereo recording studio can be rented with recording engineers from \$30 to \$50 per hour. The new record companies, busily signing up ubiquitous R & R groups, could afford to record endlessly. The performers, frequently groups of neighborhood or school friends, rehearsed endlessly on their own time, made their own arrangements (not on paper, but in their heads), composed their own songs (also not on paper) and most always were self accompanied; bass, drums and sometimes guitar. For fifty bucks a record company could produce a master tape. This is enormously cheaper than recording a large band or a singer working with professional accompaniment requiring arrangements.

The recording company people involved in the (Cont. on p. 78)



A GALA AFFAIR

As she gets ready for one of the season's biggest events, lovely Coleen O'Brien eagerly goes in for a serious bit of clowning.

AT THE HEIGHT of the season's partying, you won't find a more joyous festivity than the Artists and Models Ball — and one of the reasons the affair is so lively is the presence of a real life of the party, caressable Coleen O'Brien □ Though she could easily be a success as a model, this curvaceous redhead is actually an up-and-coming abstract painter, having already exhibited her works in several group shows on New York's famous East Tenth Street □ At present, however, Coleen has more concrete matters on her mind, such as the clown's costume she plans to wear at the gala shindig □ For a lass who's regarded as "far out" in her profession, such particular type of raiment might be regarded as somewhat corny □ Yet, this beauty is well aware that since most of the other revelers will be showing up in wildly "far-out" costumes, her own garb will at least achieve the unique distinction of being different □ Turn the page and see if you don't agree that cornball or not — Coleen can't miss having a ball at the ball □

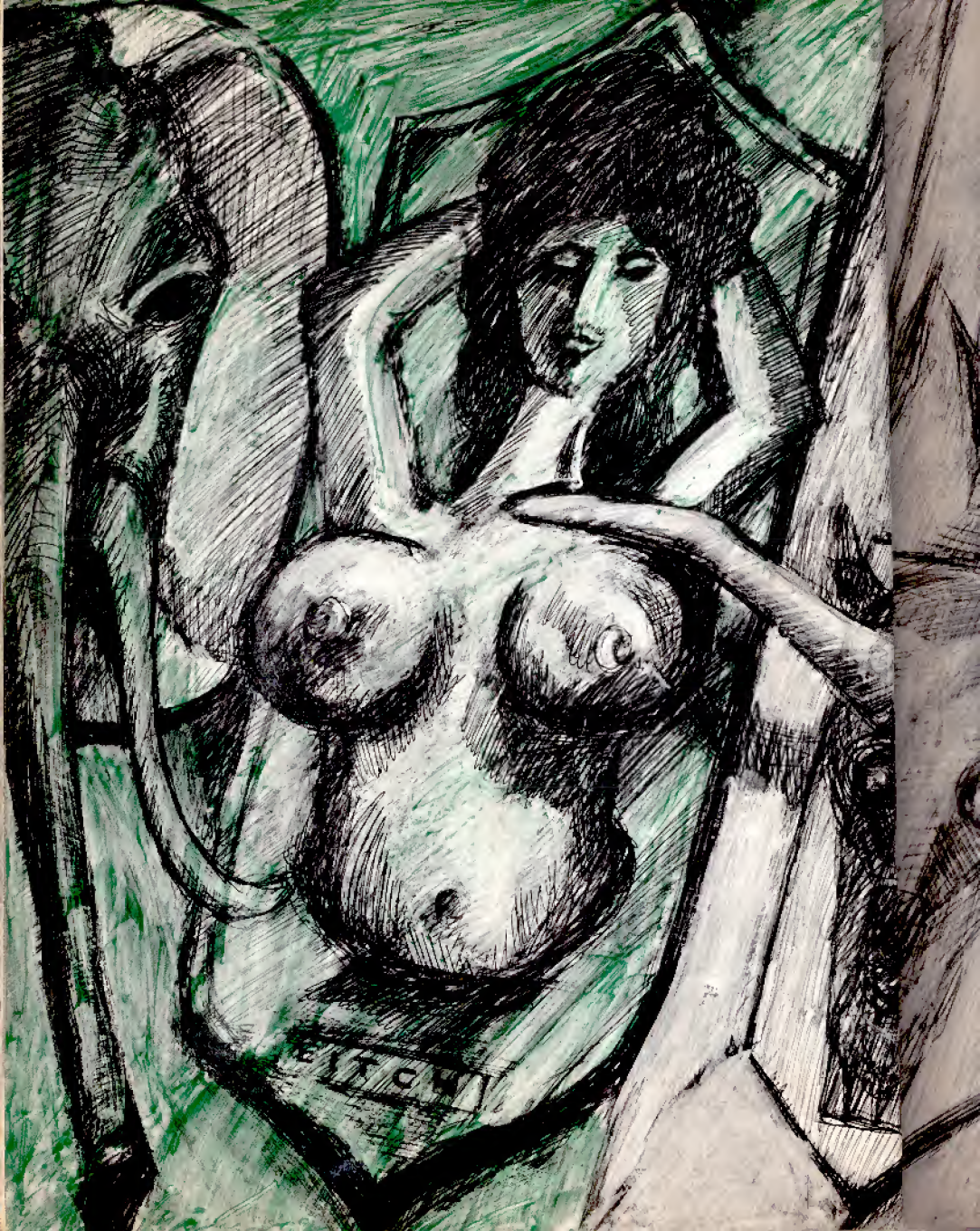


Picking a costume for the ball can be nervewracking — but not to Coleen, who proves a soothing sight as she gets ready.



This lass who's as pretty as a picture, also an artist who lives by the muse, is relaxed and confident as she looks forward to having an amusing evening for herself.







FICTION/BY GERALD FITZGERALD

39 INCHES OF FEMME FATALE

Even when a man is able to see the shape of things to come there will still be too many surprises in store for him.

"You are a bitch!" Louise said.

"Yes, aren't I?" Carla Sanders laughed indulgently. "And right here is 39 uptilted inches of bitchiness that I intend to make pay off." Insultingly she cupped her hands under her breasts.

Louise didn't miss the insult. She knew she was flat-chested and had long ago resigned herself to the fact that she'd never outgrow a 32-inch bra and an A-cup. Generally she didn't really mind being small-busted. Lots of women were. Angela Horner, for instance, was no bigger than she—and she'd managed to land a husband, and a darned rich one at that.

The Horners employed Louise, also Carla. Louise was Angela Horner's personal maid. Carla was Dwight Horner's private secretary. Ordinarily, there would have been a well-defined social gap between Carla and Louise; in the world of the wealthy, the status of a maid is decidedly below that of a secretary. But circum-

(Cont. next page)

39 INCHES OF FEMME FATALE continued

stances had forced them to share the same quarters and whatever other traces of bitchiness Carla had, she wasn't snobbish about it. On the contrary, she treated Louise as a confidante and seemed to get a kick out of shocking her with frankness about how she intended to use her feminine charms to feather her nest in the world.

At present that world had been narrowed to a stretch of African jungle. The Horners were on safari and it had only been after much debate that they had decided to take Carla and Louise with them. Dwight Horner had insisted that he had to have the services of a private secretary, even on a vacation hunting trip, so that he would be able to keep in working contact with his varied business interests. Angela Horner had insisted that a maid was necessary in the jungle if she was going to maintain the standards of beauty which were becoming of paramount importance to her as the years advanced towards forty. Alan Moresby, the white hunter hired by Dwight Horner to run the expedition, had insisted that the two girls would have to share a tent because he didn't want to add another tent to the already full load of equipment and provisions the bearers were lugging. And it was Alan Moresby who had been the subject of the conversation which led Louise to call Carla a "bitch."

Now the conversation continued. "It's not that I mind you making it pay off," Louise said. "I can't condone your going after another woman's husband, but I can understand it when he's as rich as Dwight Horner. What I can't understand is why must you exploit Alan to conceal the fact that your real game is Horner."

"Nothing must stand in my way to get Dwight Horner," said Carla. "Besides, Alan is just handsome and masculine enough to make my little subterfuge that much more interesting."

"You are a—" Louise began.

"Bitch," Carla finished for her. "Yes, I know. You're repeating yourself, darling. Now I'd better get out of this bra and into my clean one before dinner." She stripped off her blouse and bra and admired herself in the mirror for a moment. Then she reached out of the tent and over its top to grab the freshly-washed bra which was drying in the sunlight there. "If nothing else," she observed as she settled her breasts firmly in the cups, "I'm at least getting even with Bwana Alan Moresby for making me leave my prize lingerie behind."

"That's nothing to get even with him for. He had to keep the bearers' loads light. You're not the only one restricted. Even Mrs. Horner was al-

lowed to take only two of everything where clothing was concerned."

"Well, since I've got twice as much as Mrs. Horner, he should have let me take four bras," Carla joked.

"You certainly never get tired of bragging about having a big bust, do you?"

"Why should I? I don't believe in hiding my light under a bushel. Although the shape these bras are getting into from the heat and all, that's what it's likely to amount to. One to uplift and one in the wash—and that's the way it's going to stay for the rest of the bloody trip. Gosh, Louise, if one of these straps breaks or something, I'll be in a hell of a mess."

"I don't see why. Since you're so proud of your bosom, why bother with a bra?"

"Go native, hey? Not on your life. You may not have noticed, darling, but the way I'm built if I ever put on one of these white jungle shirts without a bra it would be the equivalent of nudity. All the details of my bosom would show through quite clearly. No, I better just pray that these two bras hold out until we're out of the jungle."

After dinner the Horners retired to their tent. Shortly thereafter, at the signal of a slightly raised eyebrow from Carla, Louise also excused herself and left the campfire. Carla and Alan Moresby sat together by themselves, gazing into the dying embers of the fire. Carla deliberately edged closer to him until the act of her breathing pressed her breasts against his arm in a light cadence. The quick tensing of his forearm muscle told her he was aware of it. He cleared his throat and lifted his arm, then tentatively let it drop around her shoulders. Carla snuggled acquiescently in his embrace. In the distance a hyena voiced a sniggering howl. Carla used it as an excuse to shiver and press more closely against Alan.

"Don't be afraid," he told her. "They sound bad, but they're cowardly and harmless."

"When I'm with you, I'm not afraid."

"Maybe it's me you should be afraid of," he said in mock seriousness.

Carla smiled to herself. "Why do you say that?"

"Women like you are few and far between for a man like me who spends most of his time in the jungle. So much femaleness so close make a man strain at the bit. It becomes an effort to hold back."

"Then don't hold back," Carla told him softly. She turned to face him, looked at him steadily, her face very close to his.

There could be no mistaking the invitation. Alan moved his head forward the required two inches and kissed her firmly. Her lips (Cont. on p. 48)

THE WAY IT'LL NEVER BE



"Are you crazy? I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth!"



by CARLO TULLI



HANK EAST

"Alone at last!"



by CARLO TULLI

Apartment hunter's dream, with piano to boot, comes true for Susan, who by the way is a bit of a dream herself.



4 Rooms For \$110 A Month



As the saying goes, "Heaven help the working girl," and if you talk to sultry Susan Norman, she'll tell you that it's quite likely that heaven did help her. Like so many other secretaries in New York, Susan found it to be practically impossible to rent an apartment by herself on the salary she was making. Consequently she was forced to share an apartment with four other girls, the kind of arrangement she described as "most necessary although barely tolerable." After two years in the big city, Susan, who hails from Harrisburg, Pa., began to see her star rising. She got more responsible positions and naturally her income rose. "I was starting to reach the point where I could think of paying one-fourth of my earnings for rent," she said. "I followed the want-ads and told everyone I knew to be on the lookout in case the right kind of apartment came along." It didn't take long, since Susan has many friends (it's not hard to see why), and she wasted no time in taking the flat shown here. "Now I can have the privacy I've dreamed of for so long," she says with a sigh. What thrills her most is the piano that came with the apartment. A former music student, she'll now be able to resume with her lessons — and it's natural for a pretty girl who looks like a melody to play them.













Even in rent-controlled New York City, a bargain in flats is hard to come by. However, possessing a sharp eye, as well as many friends, Susan was able to score with an unusual find in the recently restored Chelsea area. She considers her three-year lease a new lease on life for her.





THOSE WILD,

America is not only proving herself the home

A FEW MONTHS AGO, the police broke up a strange devil-and-sex cult which was flourishing in a small California coastal town. The cult was started by the town's youth—members of the "beat" generation who were out looking for new kicks. But once it got well under way, the beatniks were joined by married couples who decided that this brand of satanism was far more fun than plain, old-fashioned wife-swapping. The police were brought into the case after a twenty-year-old girl was admitted to the hospital. She was afflicted with a malady which, at first, could not be diagnosed. Eventually, the doctors found that she was suffering from

an overdose of a powerful aphrodisiac, popularly known as Spanish fly.

After a good deal of questioning, the girl admitted to belonging to the cult. The night before, she had been chosen to act as "Maid" or "Sorceress," and was forced to perform a variety of sexual acts before the other members. The Spanish fly had been used to overcome her inhibitions. Since there were a large number of important local names involved, the case was quickly quashed on the promise of the group's members that they would stop their activities. The girl was released and cautioned not to talk about what happened. Yet hard-

WILD, WILD SIN CULTS

of the free, but also a haven for the whackiest free lovers in the world.

ened police investigators are still shaking their heads over the incident. "I just don't understand it," one officer told me. "I've read about such things happening in the Middle East. But I never dreamed they took place here in America!"

The officer's statement was naive. For that week, less than a hundred miles away in San Francisco, health department officials issued a warning against the growing use of morning glory seeds and nutmeg. It was learned that these common garden plants, when eaten in large amounts, produced results ranging from aphrodisiasms to hallucinations. The prime users of this new kick? As you might suspect, most of them were

beatniks who not only discovered the thrills topped those of marijuana, but delighted in their newfound immunity from prosecution. There are no laws prohibiting the use of morning glory seeds and nutmeg. It was only when police broke up a wild sex-swap orgy, involving a dozen transfixed characters, that the far-outs were locked up.

"In America today," said sociologist R. J. Thomas, "you will find what can be accurately termed a 'sex cult' in 46 of the 50 states. These groups are small and loosely organized, and they range from the rebellious beatniks to the suburban wife swappers to the religiously oriented polygamists. In a sense all

of them are searching for a better answer to our present stifling set of morals."

According to Dr. Isadore Rubin, managing editor of *Sexology*, what is needed now is "an ethics of transition" to hold us over until morals catch up with real life."

Yet, if one looks at American history, he will find that "an ethics of transition" has been awaited since the days of the early colonists, without ever showing up.

In a few of the early Pennsylvania and New Jersey colonies, for example, the coming of spring was celebrated by dances around the maypole. Now the maypole was not the symbol of (Cont. on next page)

THOSE WILD SIN CULTS

innocence as it is today. Then it served as the phallic fetish for a fertility cult. Jeremy Wander, a visitor from New England, was so shocked at what he observed in one south Jersey community that he could not allow himself to describe the goings-on. "What they do," he wrote, "is filthy, lecherous and foul-minded." These early cults did not last long, however. The more sober-minded citizenry put an end to them as fast as possible.

So much for colonial history. After the U.S. nation was founded, one of the best-known sex cults was established by a preacher named John Humphrey Noyes. This was the famous experiment in multiple marriage which came to be known as the Oneida colony. Noyes began his experiments in his own home town of Putney, Vermont. His detractors claim that they constituted little more than wife-swapping. It seems that in the first community Noyes founded called "The Putney Corporation of Perfectionists" there was a man with an exceptionally lovely wife. Noyes convinced him to take his (Noyes') wife, instead—at least for a trial month or so. To be absolutely fair to Noyes, however, the imaginative preacher always claimed that his colony was set up strictly in accordance with scientific and moral rules. The founder was a great believer in improving the race through the means of selective breeding. In a pamphlet, *An Essay on Scientific Propagation*, Noyes insisted that only the brightest and healthiest of males should be permitted to father children.

If this sounds something like the way cattle-breeders improve their own herd through the use of specially chosen bulls, that's because it is. Noyes wanted to use this same principle with human beings. There was one big difference, though. In breeding cattle, the better bulls are turned into steers by means of a simple if irrevocable

operation. Noyes did not suggest doing this to human males. They were permitted to have all the fun and games they wanted, as long as they didn't father any children. At the same time, Noyes felt that all children should be brought up by the colony, and all money should be held in common. "Bible Communism" was his own term for this arrangement.

Noyes' technique for separating pleasure from fatherhood was a peculiar kind of birth control which never had been used before and has been seldom practiced since. It was called *coitus reservatus* and put rather a strain on a man, to say the least. Boys, upon reaching puberty, were taught the Noyes method and all that it entailed by the colony's older women. Girls were initiated into the ways of sex by older men, but at not quite so early an age.

As might be expected, the colony's New England neighbors were not particularly pleased by the Perfectionists' way of doing things. Eventually, things became so uncomfortable for Noyes and his followers that the cult left Putney and founded a new colony at Oneida Creek, New York, where they prospered for a while. One of the members had invented a new kind of steel hunting trap, and sales from this item brought in some \$67,000 per year.

Yet, once again new imperfections began to plague the Perfectionists' living. Argument and dissent cropped up within the colony, itself, and finally, Noyes was forced to leave for Canada.

None of the colonies that sprang up later, however, enjoyed the long life of the Oneida group. Though many have started out with high hopes, jealousy usually set in. Most male cultists have proved themselves unable to share their women with another man. One colony, for example broke into smithieries when an ungrateful member ran off with his leader's wife. The leader sued for divorce, abandoned

his theories and became a full time square!

Presently, a widely popular cult is one which has been built around the so-called orgone theory, developed by the Austrian-born psychiatrist, Wilhelm Reich. In his early days, Reich was a solid physician who was associated with Freud. Gradually, though, Freud's theory of sex became too tame for him. Reich began to believe that sexual energy was the most important force in all life, and all of man's problems are due to faulty orgasms!

At first, Reich was interested in politics and believed he could help straighten out the world with a combination of sex and socialism. In 1930, he broke with the Socialist party in Austria and went to Berlin, where he joined the Communists. In the same cell with him was the writer, Arthur Koestler, who published his recollections in *The God That Failed*. "Among other members of our cell," Koestler wrote, "I remember Dr. Wilhelm Reich, Founder and Director of the *Sex-Pol* (Institute for Sexual Politics). He was a Freudian-Marxist; inspired by Malinowski, he had just published a book called *The Function of the Orgasm*, in which he expounded the theory that the sexual frustration of the Proletariat caused a thwarting of its political consciousness; only through a full, uninhibited release of the sexual urge could the working-class realize its revolutionary potentialities and historic mission..."

Reich fled Germany when the Nazis came to power (he had already broken with the Reds), and finally settled in Norway. It was here that he made the great discovery of Cosmic Orgone Energy. When he came to the United States in 1939, he was ready to refine his theories, and a crowd of eager American enthusiasts were ready to listen to him.

Orgone energy, Reich believed, is to be found all through nature. It accounts for the formation of the stars and planets (*Cont. on p. 80*)



The Geisha and the Samurai

A mighty warrior in the old days received, as a token of the Emperor's esteem, the country's prettiest geisha whose exclusive duties were to attend to his pleasures. She was perfect in every respect except one. She could not laugh. Her coquetry was irresistible, her grace flawless, and she toiled laboriously to please her master; yet, it disturbed him that when he ordered her to laugh, she could do so only as one commanded.

In bed with his pretty charge, the mighty Samurai discovered her to be resourceful, delicate and she never failed to whet his appetites or to gratify them. Nevertheless, it disturbed him that she could not be moved to mirth.

"What is it, girl?" he would say. "Outwardly you are like silk, fluttering in the breeze, but inwardly you are as impossible to move as a mountain."

But the pretty geisha could merely lower her eyes in silence.

And so it went, until the great warrior found himself becoming bored. Normally he'd have sent the geisha back to the house whence she came, but to do so would be to inflict an unpardonable slight on the Emperor. What's more, he found himself hopelessly in love. His dilemma was a great one, and he thought upon it at length until he came upon an idea.

He called upon the most famous clown of the day and said to him, "You must try to make her laugh. Otherwise boredom will surely kill me, as no enemy's sword has ever done."

The clown looked at the lovely geisha and told the great warrior, "You have laden me with a painful chore, my lord, for to cast one's eyes upon this girl is to become heavy with love. I do not think I can do it."

"You must," implored the Samurai. "I will give

you great riches if you succeed with this favor."

The clown thought seriously for awhile and replied, "I ask only that you leave me alone with her for a week, and that I will not be hindered during that period. If I succeed, you will reward me with an acre of land, a house and a pension for life."

"It is agreed," said the Samurai.

And so the clown devised his plan and set about to execute it.

For five days, the Samurai waited tensely, but there was no sound from the pretty geisha's quarters. On the sixth day, faint feminine giggles were heard. Finally, on the seventh day, the great warrior became crazed with jealousy as the loud report of laughter reached his ears. He rushed to her bedroom, flung open the door and what he saw made his rage grow deeper. The clown was in bed with the geisha and she was laughing. The warrior saw a small sword belonging to the clown, and as he lifted it to slay his betrayer, the weapon which was actually a comedy prop fell apart in mid-air. This only caused the girl to laugh more.

"Hold still, sir," said the clown, jumping out of bed. "She laughed first because I told her to imagine that I am you; and now if she remembers this scene, you too will always make her laugh, for every man, no matter how noble, should be part clown to tickle a lady's fancy."

At first the Samurai was too shaken with fury to say anything. But soon he realized how ridiculously stodgy he himself had been during the act of love; only his dove was too frightened to laugh at him. Then he burst into howls of glee.

And so it was that the mighty warrior enjoyed a laugh-filled life with his geisha. And the clown settled down to a quiet, sober existence on his acre of land.

If you're a victim of the fates, find you're hexed with mixed-up dates.

JANUARY

New Year's Day is but one of 365, yet Janet Lee, so full of five, is living proof one need not be aloof from making merry in other months than January.



JANUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

FEBRUARY

The February way is to celebrate Lincoln's and Washington's birthday—also Valentine's Day. It's the month Ann Rove was born, more reason this time's so gay.



FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

APRIL

This is the last month that oysters are in season (no r's till September being the reason). But pert mermaid Marie Alonette can substitute in any oysterer's net.



APRIL

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

MAY

Like many a coed Tessa Moore must exam to learn the facts she ought to have know-ed. But she spends so much time with her record player, her exams are sure to slay 'er.



MAY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

have no fears—use our calendears ■

SPECIAL BEAUTY CALENDAR FOR

'64

MARCH

*The winds of March
can take starch
out of anyone
with mind for fun.
They make Sally
Corbett go inside
to play and hide
till time'll bring
that joyous first
day of Spring.*



MARCH

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

JUNE

*This is the month
summer starts,
the month that
gladdens men's
hearts—
for is bringing
out beauties like
Kathleen Ranew
it helps make our
dreams come true.*



JUNE

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

JULY

*The height of the
beach season hits
when the sun is
so hot and dry.
To stay away no
one's fool enough
when the shore's
cool enough—
and here Ginny
Hunt will lie.*



JULY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4		
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

AUGUST						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

AUGUST

This is the time when summer colors deepen, when fragrances grow richer—when a setting is crying for a subject, like Jo Olds, who's pretty as a "pitcher."



SEPTEMBER

Helping to make the month of September a time you will want to remember is Marianne Marlowe—a lovely girl who always puts men's heads in a whirl.



SEPTEMBER						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

OCTOBER						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

OCTOBER

Savoring Hallowe'en and pumpkins is nowadays for country bumpkins. October to chic Dorothea Binnus is when the cultural season begins.



*Here's just the lass to end the year,
providing Xmas joy and New Year's cheer.
Quite appropriately her name's Sandy Claus,
and who could add more to the holiday glass?*

NOVEMBER						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30

NOVEMBER

*Maybe you're a man who is overwhelmed by a definite yearning
for just the kind of girl who'll keep the home fires burning.
Around the house Steffi MacLaine can do this and lots more,
and on Thanksgiving Day she'll give you much to be thankful for.*



DECEMBER						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	
	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31				

COME TO ME SWEETLY

Fiction/By Edward D. Ludlow

A man who plays knight in shining armor often needs protection from the female he's protecting

Why can't a fellow offer to help a Lady in Distress without walking straight into a big bear trap? On this particular April night I was on my way home. There never is a taxi on Ninth Avenue at night, so I cut through the bus station to get one there. It was pouring rain and getting late and I didn't want to spoil the warm glow of the fine spaghetti dinner I had just finished in the back of that little grocery store at Thirty-Ninth Street. As I went through the station I stopped for a paper at the newsstand and ran right into the trap.

She was standing there beside her one piece of luggage, kind of resting before she picked it up and went on. It looked to me like she had tried to put everything she owned in this one bag. Beneath her rain hat her long blonde hair was straggly, but you could imagine how nice it looked in dry weather. Beneath her rain coat, though, you could see she had a luscious shape without calling on the imagination to assist. If she had yelled for help—but that's not the way they do it, is it? She stood there looking desperate and distraught and exhausted. I bought my paper and walked over to her.

"Can I carry the bag out to a taxi for you?" I asked. She didn't even look to see who it was. She just nodded and waited for me to pick it up and start away. Then she followed. As she trotted along one step behind me I offered some polite chatter, just to be friendly.



Terrible weather. Raining pitch forks out there."

"Yes" was all I got. I tried again.

"Can I drop you somewhere? I'm taking a cab up to Fifty Third Street."

"No" was all that happened this time.

"Where are you going?" We had reached the door. As I stepped back to let her go through, she breathed at me, "To a hotel."

"Did you have any particular one in mind?" I countered.

Again just "yes."

"The Waldorf, no doubt," I said facetiously as I put the bag down on the curb.


"No," she said. "I can't afford the Waldorf. I only know the names of three hotels in New York. The Waldorf which I am not going to, the Astor which I don't know if it is real or just a song called, 'She Lost It At The Astor,' and the Lawson which is where I am going."

She meant it. I was born in this town, but I had never heard of the Hotel Lawson. She had a dead aim at the place. I introduced myself and in return I actually got her name. I asked her where the Lawson was. Right then a cab pulled up and she scrambled in. I put her luggage in with her and she leaned out and said, "I don't know where it is. I just know it is!" She shut the door and said firmly to the driver, "Hotel Lawson, please," and away they went.

The next afternoon I still couldn't get that crazy girl out of my mind. I was sure there was nothing comic about her plight, but every time I thought of last night's episode I found myself with a big, broad grin all over my face. How could somebody I didn't even know be so funny? I found the phone number of the hotel and called her. She'd hit her target. She was there, but she seemed upset when she answered the phone. I said I'd like to take her out if she didn't have any other plans. She said she didn't know anybody in New York to have any plans with—yet. Half an hour later I met her in the lobby and we went into the cocktail lounge for a drink.

I ordered a couple of martinis and over my shoulder, whispered a sneaky "Very Dry" to the waiter. And there was that big, broad grin all over my face again. She looked considerably better for the good night's sleep she said she'd had. This time also there was no rain coat to conceal her figure; instead a low-cut sweater that revealed a full, lovely bosom. "As a matter of fact," she added, "I slept right through till one o'clock this afternoon. I was just coming out of the bath

(Cont. on p. 73)



It takes a man who's tasted the

**SONGS
TO
SNEER
BY**

SATIRE/By Ted Mark

WHAT KIND OF BULL AM I?
(To the tune of "What Kind of Fool
Am I?")

What kind of bull am I,
Who never goes to stud?
It seems I am peculiar 'cause I'd rather
chew my cud.

What kind of bull is this
Who holds a rose
Up to his nose
While gaily dancing on his toes?

What kind of horns are these
That tremble for the day
When they must gore a matador.
Or hear that dread "Olé!"

What kind of beast am I?
My sire a vicious brute,
My Mama coddled me.
And so you see
Why I'm so cute.

I was brought up this way,
A limp-hooved Ferdinand,
So, Dearie, I can't help
The kind of bull I am.

thrill of hate to enjoy and appreciate these singularly unpopular ballads

NIGHT AND PLAY

(To the tune of "Night and Day")

Night and day, we'll have our fun,
Making out beneath the ground away
from the sun.

When that H-bomb hits the fan,
We'll try hard to save the race of man
And pass the time—
Night and day.

Day and night, Conelrad's beep
Will mark time for passion and keep
us from falling asleep.
In the fallout shelter's gloom,
We will try to stave off mankind's doom,
Though past our prime,
Night and day.

Day and night, lacking virility,
I'll so hopefully storm her banished,
vanished fertility.
Not to try would be a crime;
The world will end with a bang though
it's wasted time,
Day and night, night and day.

SOME HOT SUMMER EVENING

(To the tune of "Some Enchanted Evening")

Some hot summer evening,
You'll see her undressing.
You'll see her undressing
Across the alleyway.
Your eyes will be glued,
And glued they will stay,
Secure in the knowledge
Your wife is away.

Once you start peeping,
Brother you are hooked.
Once you start peeping,
Brother you are hooked.

Some hot summer evening,
She will catch you watching.
She will catch you watching
As she unsnaps her bra.
And maybe she'll smile,
A smile that will say,
"If you like what you see,
Come up and we'll play."
Once you go up there,
Brother, you are sunk.
Once you go up there,
Brother, you are sunk!

Some late summer evening,
Up in her apartment,
Up in her apartment,
You'll gaze into your own.
And you'll see two eyes,
The eyes of your wife,
Come home from the country
And all primed for strife.
Once she has seen you,
Brother you will pay!
Once she has seen you,
Brother how you'll pay!

BLOKE CUT DOWN TO SIZE

(To the tune of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes")

They asked me how I knew
My wife was untrue.
This was my reply,
Spoken with a sigh,
"Rabbit tests don't lie!"

They said it still could be
That the sire was me—
Careless in the night—
Maybe somewhat tight—
Had I caused her plight?

Twasn't so!
They had no way to know
Why I couldn't be the sire.
In the past
An accidental blast
Altered me beyond desire!

I simply haven't got
That which makes a tot.
But if I catch the
Guy who lumbered me,
Just like me he'll bet!

REALIST LOVE CALL

(To the tune of "Indian Love Call")

If I'm caught with you
Oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo,
I'll be filled with rue
Oo-oo-oo, oo-oo-oo.
That's when I'll swallow those sweet
Love words whispered so low.
Naught will detain me; Oh, how my
feet
Will travel as I go!
But if on that night your Paw pulls a
shotgun,
Then you may be sure I'll halt my
headlong run.
With such persuasion,
Love will come true.
You'll latch on to me;
I'll be stuck with you!

A

flavor of the Far East is hard to beat when it comes to spicing up an apartment—especially if it is used well. In the case of vivacious Vivian Greg, an eye-filling lass who has an eye for beauty in her own right, the results are captivatingly exotic. Interestingly enough the decor fits her own personality which obviously is also captivatingly exotic.

Put this issue's cover girl in an Oriental



At first friends thought that Vivian took an unusual slant with her apartment, but now they're convinced that she is without a doubt on the beam.

Oriented to Beauty

setting and the excellent results you get will be far from Occidental.





ASIA is the continent of emerging nations, and what could be more appropriately modern than to see lovely Vivian Greg emerge, surrounded by the grace and glamor of the East? In her apartment you'll find the elegance of fine bone china, artifacts from India that would charm any snake charmer, brocades from Siam that would make the man who possessed them feel like a king. Here in a small apartment on the North Side of Chicago you will discover that not only does East meet West, but the meeting is filled with beauty and harmony. All it takes is a love for the past, combined with a daring to try something new, plus a little wisdom and good taste. Each of these qualities sum up not only setting you see here but also the lovely lass who has arranged it this way. A production assistant in an advertising agency, Vivian first became interested in Oriental decor after taking a course at night at Chicago's Art Institute. After that she began collecting, slowly and carefully, until today she has become thoroughly oriented to this exotic undertaking.





POPPING OFF ON



With the art world being turned topsy turvy these days, many are wondering who's dizzier—the artists or the art lovers.

By Will Durham

STOP! Don't throw that banana peel in the garbage! Use it! Express yourself! You too can be an artist! You too can create works of art from the most ordinary objects which happen to be close at hand! Like a banana peel!

Study it for a moment and consider the possibilities. Drape it artistically around a bit of chicken wire and hang it from the ceiling and—*voilà!*—you've got a free-flowing mobile which might well be a modern esthete's delight. Grind it carefully into a plywood board and you've created the basis for an abstract collage which just might draw plaudits from some of today's so-called serious art critics. Throw it into the blender, mix in ketchup and a magenta oil base, thin with asparagus juice and purple pastels, spray the result over a canvas and—who knows?—you may have a masterpiece worthy of submission to the Guggenheim Museum.

No, we're neither putting you on, nor trying to drum up additional business for the banana industry. In today's world of "pop" art, not one of the foregoing suggestions is beyond the realm of possibility. Truth being stranger than satire, there's a world-wide movement which insists that every human being—man, woman, and especially child—

is an artist and that anything and everything on this earth is fair game for the creation of a work of art—and that includes bananas.

If you think we're exaggerating, if you think the artistic possibilities of the banana peel begin and end with the self-expression of the practical joker, then consider some of the other seemingly non-esthetic objects actually used in today's "serious" works of art. A rusty nail was the focal point of a recent painting exhibited at the Guggenheim Museum in New York, while another art work in the same show consisted of strips of somewhat moldy tree-bark, pasted to a canvas. A broken toilet seat was the centerpiece of "Cataclysm," a collage put together from bits of garbage by commercially successful "pop" artist Sam Goodman. Pieces of scrap metal welded together by former plumber's apprentice Bill Friedle are fast becoming the latest rage in sculpture in the U. S. And bird-gravel mixed with paint to achieve a grainy effect has brought Belgian painter Robert Helmsmoortel to the forefront of the abstract art world.

This world had its beginnings back in 1913 when Marcel Duchamp first exhibited his painting, "Nude Descending a Staircase." Not so much as a

POP ART

toenail of Duchamp's "Nude," nor a riser of his "Staircase" was identifiable as such in the mish-mash of color-smeared canvas which introduced abstract art to the U. S. This wasn't surprising, since Duchamp was a forerunner in the movement known as "Dadaism" which swept over the country from 1916 through 1921 and which must bear the responsibility for siring most of today's "pop" art.

"Dadaism" was originated by poet Tristan Tzara who believed that it was art's function to "spit in the eye of the world." It affected all the arts. Its legacy to playwriting is today's "theatre of the absurd," to literature, the "stream of consciousness," to poetry the "free verse" of Ferlinghetti, Ginsburg and their imitators, to music the discord and cacophony of the followers of Hindemith and the nihilism of progressive jazz, to ballet the interpretive dancing of the Isadora Duncan school which consists of the dancer making it up as she goes along, and to such manual arts as painting and sculpture, the philosophy of "abstract self-expressionism."

The main points of this philosophy are as follows: The structure of an object being painted must be broken down into its component forms when transferred to canvas since to paint simply that which is seen is to merely perform the function of a camera; this rule may be disregarded if the painter is recording that which he *feels*, since transferring emotion to canvas is the artist's highest aim, and far more laudable than merely portraying that which the eye sees; technique and style are twin monsters which stand between the artist's

inner-self and his expression of it; art must reflect the true chaos of the world today.

These are the strictures which underlie the work of such recognized modern abstractionists as Picasso, Dali, Pollack and Franz Kline. They are also the strictures which underlie much of "pop" art, along with two other beliefs which have made it what it is today.

The first of these beliefs has grown out of Walt Whitman's belief that every man is an artist, and every job offers him the opportunity to express his artistry. The second belief contends that every object can be used to express our artistic concept. Thus what began as the "Ashcan School" of painting in the early 1900s is today truly living up to its name, with garbage pail mobiles, suspended from ceilings, and bits of toilet paper slapped onto a canvas with paint.

The so-called democratization of arts is fast doing away with the idea that talent is necessary. Housewives finish off their paintings with shredded nylons, broken shoelaces and pieces of old brasieres. A Greenwich Village tavern owner gives an exhibition of mobiles made of battered beer cans. And kids all over America smear up reams of paper with an art form known as "finger-painting," the results of which are exhibited in every major city.

If today's plumber can weld together a few pipes and pass the result off as an abstract mobile, just think what tomorrow's doctor might perpetrate. Picture a collage of tonsils, appendixes and gall bladders hanging in the main (*Cont. on next page*)

POP ART

gallery of New York's Metropolitan Museum. Think of a mobile woven of hundred of yards of especially preserved intestines—suspended over Rockefeller Center. Consider a mural done in plasma and bile.

Or think what an esthetically inclined butcher might do. Tapestries sewn from strings of frankfurters—elaborate sculptures of raw chop meat—multi-colored mosaic of old soup bone chips dipped in vegetable dye—figurines hacked out of ham-hocks with a meat cleaver—the creative possibilities of the modern meat market are unlimited!

Imagine the time passers which those Pentagon personnel who are awaiting retirement might inaugurate. Montages of documents stamped "TOP SECRET" in bright red—free-form suspensions of paper clips—bas reliefs of Good Conduct Medals set in loyalty oaths—so might tomorrow's Civil Service employee express himself.

Such "pop" art might well spread to the White House. Secret Service personnel might take up sketching. Some future First Lady might practice wood carving on the paneled walls of the Lincoln Room. The President himself might take time off from executive duties to sculpt a bust of the head of the opposition party—one fit to stick pins in, naturally.

Any and every profession may get into the act. And with the "anything goes" motto of "pop" art, they will doubtlessly further enlarge the artistic concept to include the artifacts of their particular trades. Thus the day may come when dentists will string teeth for necklaces, when undertakers will create etchings from old coffin lids treated with formaldehyde, when men operating mechanical manure-spreaders will work in intricate designs and art critics will hie to the fields to interpret their work, when garbage collectors will stage exhibitions of orange-crate woodcuts, when the plates of X-ray technicians will vie with the smear-slides of urologists for esthetic appreciation and when toilet-bowl manufacturers will putter their way to new glorious heights in pottery.

Such universality, however, may be the least of the problems arising from "pop" art. At least, even with such extrapolation, it still involves the hand and mind of human beings. A more ominous prospect may well face the art world, as recent events at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and the Van Derventer Museum in Rotterdam seem to indicate.

The New York incident involved the introduction to the public by the Museum of an electronic painting machine invented by a Swiss named John Tinguily. Prior to this, the abstract paintings of

this machine have been sold on the open art market for as much as \$200 apiece. Some 200-odd artsy-craftsy types who assembled at the Museum to watch the machine do its stuff, however, received a rude surprise. Some obscure gismo in the intricate mechanism blew a gasket and instead of spraying the canvas, the machine went truly Dadaist and fired paint all over the crowd.

The Rotterdam event was less spectacular. It simply introduced to the public the abstract art masterpieces of a chimpanzee. Although the chimp did more nose-thumbing toward his audience than painting, one of his works brought a price of \$1,500 and twenty others went for \$200 to \$1,000!

Even for "pop" art, these two incidents seem a bit much. It's one thing to say *everybody's* an artist entitled to use *everything* at hand in the creation of art, and quite another to say that every living creature may also express itself artistically.

Suppose the chimp of Rotterdam proves to be the forerunner of a movement in the animal kingdom. Will we have dogs gnawing abstract sculptures out of T-bones soon? Will snakes drag their bellies through palettes and then slither over canvases? Will elephants trample slag-heaps into jungle mosaic? Will woodpeckers soon stand besides Washington Square's trees to display their etchings? Will worms create miniatures; and will ant hills compete for the architectural prizes of the future?

As for the foreboding of Tinguily's painting machine, the idea of such artistically creative thingamajigs is even more frightening than the picture of animals expressing themselves. Just consider the possibilities around the average home. An eggbeater whips up an artistic frenzy, and an omelet is suddenly deflected to the ceiling, becoming a mural. An electric toaster etches primitive sketches on corn muffins. A can opener mangles lids into free-forms for mobiles. What will we art lovers ever eat?

And what might happen in industry with machines bent on expressing themselves? Blowtorches melting construction beams into steel sculptures—steamrollers impressing lithographs out of asphalt—linotype machines composing and setting their own poetry—lathes turning out woodcarvings instead of airplane parts—there's no limit to what machines might do in the name of "pop" art. Why, even a cyclotron might be bitten by the bug of creativity. And when atoms go abstract, brother, it's time to call a halt.

But, just maybe, we shouldn't wait for that. Maybe some brave soul should start questioning the standards of "pop" art right now. Maybe it's time to ask if the finger-smears of children, the toilet-seat expressionism of adult "artists," the daubs of chimpanzees and the splatterings of (Cont. on p. 70)



"The party's over in five minutes.
Everybody back to their own wines."



"Your husband wants to take me home. Can I trust him?"



"I couldn't decide, so I came as me."



"Cigars, cigarettes, chewing
gum ... tranquilizers."

39 INCHES OF FEMME FATALE

(Continued from page 22)

were soft and warm and eager under his and her body slid easily against him. Alan responded by breaking the kiss and wordlessly leading her into the shadows cast by the trees surrounding the clearing. Here he kissed her again and pulled her down beside him on the ground. She went willingly, trailing her fingers over the nape of his neck, then taking one of his hands between hers and guiding it to the buttons of her blouse. He fumbled with the buttons, all the while feeling the purposeful pressure of her thighs against his. When the blouse was opened, she reached behind her back herself and unhooked the bra clasp. She removed the brassiere carefully and layed it on the ground. Then she pressed his face to her bosom.

Alan was caught up in the quick-pounding desire of foreplay. His hands slid to the drawstring of her pants, undid it quickly and awkwardly pushed both pants and underwear down around her ankles. Beneath his touch her hips and buttocks moved rhythmically and her legs separated and her body arched as if to meet his. He moved over her, anxious to be joined in the pulsations of lovemaking. And it was at that moment that Carla gently, but firmly and with full awareness, pushed him away.

"Alan, I can't," she told him.

"What?" he said stupidly. The abruptness of her rejection had left him confused.

"I want to, but I can't. Not like this. You see, Alan, I've never...never..."

"Is it that you've never been with a man before? Is that what you're trying to tell me?" he said, recovering his wits.

She nodded.

"Well," he said, "there's always a first time." He reached to embrace her again.

Carla slid just out of reach and in the same motion shrugged back into her pants and picked up her bra from the ground. "I'm—I'm not what you think I am, Alan. I'm not that kind of a girl."

He laughed bitterly. "Sure and I've heard that before," he told her. "But you must admit it's peculiar your going so far before calling a halt. You're a tease, and no mistake about it."

Carla turned away from him and jabbed a pinky in her eye. When she turned back there were tears rolling down her cheek. "I don't blame you for thinking that, Alan. All I can ask you to do is believe me. I didn't deliberately set out to frustrate you. I was carried away by my emotions." She allowed her voice to crack into a small sob.

Alan's sigh was an admission to

himself that she was sincere. "All right, Carla. Don't cry."

"You don't hate me? Please say you don't hate me. I couldn't stand it if you did. If I thought this would make you feel this way, I'd—I'd go through with it, that's what I'd do."

To a man like Alan Moresby that provided the clincher to his defeat. "No, I don't hate you," he told her. "I respect you for sticking by what you think is right. Come now, don't cry any more. I'm crazy for you and I think you know that. I'd do just about anything for you, even not try to make love to you if that's what you want. Now come kiss me good night like a good lass and get to bed."

"Oh, thank you, Alan," Carla kissed him warmly and strode towards her tent.

Louise was asleep when she came in and asleep when she left early the next morning. She was kept busy with Mrs. Horner during the early part of the day and it was mid-afternoon before she saw Carla again. When she did, her feelings of animosity toward her were forgotten at the sight of Carla's highly disturbed appearance when she entered the tent.

"What happened? You're shaking all over! Here, you'd best have a drink." Louise poured her a jigger of brandy. As Carla threw back her head to toss it down in one gulp, Louise couldn't help noticing that she was not wearing a bra. Everything Carla had said the day before about how downright naked she'd be without a bra was obviously true.

"Oh, it was awful," she said, getting control of herself. "There was a lion and he was roaring and he was going to attack us and I never ran so hard in my life, expecting to feel those claws and fangs at any moment..."

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute. What lion? What are you talking about? Where have you been all day? I think you'd better start at the beginning."

Carla looked over her shoulder to make sure nobody was close enough to the tent to overhear. "I've been with Dwight. We—took a walk. Up into those hills a little ways. Then we found a clearing and that's where the lion..."

"You've been with Dwight Horner? All day?"

Carla nodded.

"That's a mighty dangerous game you played right there, my girl. With or without a lion to spice it up. Suppose Mrs. Horner found out?"

Carla was relatively calm now. "I knew you were doing her hair. That always takes the better part of the day."

"I still say you live dangerously. She's a very jealous woman. Still,

I'm not surprised at you taking the chance. The one I'm surprised at is Dwight Horner. He's usually very careful not to upset her and it's not like him to be indiscreet enough to chance her catching him at it."

Carla giggled. "You're right about that. For a man with his money and power, he's nervous as a little boy robbing the cookie jar where his wife is concerned. That was the one clincher he was adamant about in the arrangement we reached today."

"Arrangement?"

"Yes, Louise. At last I'm on my way. When we get back to the States it's all going to be mink and diamonds from there on in. Mr. Dwight Horner has swallowed the hook and pretty soon my address will be Park Avenue, New York."

"You don't mean he's going to marry you?"

"Louise, you are the most naive girl I ever met. I told you, he's very attached to his wife and won't do anything to endanger their relationship. No, he's not going to marry me. But he is going to foot some mighty tall bills for me in exchange for favors received."

"You mean he's going to keep you? You're going to be his mistress, is that it?"

"Archaisically put, but that's it. Technically speaking I suppose I already am his mistress. We clinched it on the veldt, so to speak. The only condition he set is that his wife must never know. If there's ever the slightest chance of her finding out, we're kaput right there and then. After the fact—or do I mean the fact?—he drove this home to me in some detail. He kept making the point over and over and it was getting to be a drag when that damn lion showed up and ended all discussion. I've never been so terrified in my life." Carla shivered. "But now that it's over, the thing that bugs me is that I left one of my only two size 39s at that clearing."

"Well, there's nothing you can do about it. You certainly can't go back there for it."

"That's for sure." Carla glanced idly out of the tent flap and suddenly her face lit up. "But there is something that can be done. And there's just the Gallahad to do it. I'll be right back." Louise watched her cross the campsite straight towards Alan Moresby.

Some twenty minutes went by before Carla reappeared. When she did, Louise couldn't help noticing the cat-stuffed-with-canary expression on her face. "What have you been up to now?" she asked Carla.

"Just giving my jungle knight his quest for the day."

"And what would that be?"

"Why, to retrieve my bra, of course. I could never last out the rest of this safari with only one bosom binder." (Cont. on p. 69)

HOW
TO
FEEL
LIKE
A
MILLION
DOLLARS

LIVE
LIKE
ONE
!



The old saw, "Home is where the heart is," couldn't be more true, especially when lovely Lynn Tracey spent a weekend as the guest of millionaire Bob Mulloy at his Connecticut mansion. Lynn found her heart going out for the elegant manse and had not the slightest difficulty in making herself feel at home. This shapely beauty was not alone in her sentiments, inasmuch as the other guests found themselves left giddy from the unaccustomed heights of high society. Yet, the blueblooded host warmbloodedly put everyone at ease. Our photographer was along, too, and he appropriately was able to record how a girl who looks like a million was made to feel like one. Turn the page.

F. Scott Fitzgerald once observed, "The rich are different from us." Yet, here's a lass who became convinced that the only real difference is the rich have more money.



A receptionist for an interior decorator, Lynn readily appreciates the lush furnishings. With her bountiful charms she adds quite a lot to the wealthy setting.









ALL IN THE MIND

THERE'S MORE than one kind of Walter Mitty. There's the kind that Thurber wrote about, the original, whose dream world is strictly up-to-date Quixote, the type who hallucinates situations which, while they occur from time-to-time in the lives of some actual men, are far removed from the mundane milieu in which he exists. This is the fellow whose daydreams reshape him into a great surgeon coolly coping with a life-and-death crisis, an astronaut bravely circling the globe and returning to world-wide acclaim, or an Ian Fleming counterspy, delivering the final karate blow to his Red opponent and walking into the sunset with the bikini-clad girl he has rescued from behind the Iron Curtain.

And then there's the other type of Walter Mitty, the more down-to-earth daydreamer like Henry Dover. Men of this ilk rarely slip into visions of super-cool confidence and derring-do. Their Mitty-ish lapses don't involve such drastic revampings as to change the meek accountant into the bold adventurer, the timid soul into the brave decision-maker, nor the easy-blushing humbler into the sure-footed standard-setter.

(Cont. next page)

There is just one way for a man to control a woman completely and make her respond to his every whim. Fiction/By Rod Lord

Some typical Mittyish-fantasies of Henry Dover will perhaps better illustrate the point. In one of his favorites, he envisaged himself driving up to a gas station for fuel and in a loud, firm, authoritative tone telling the attendant *not* to wipe his windshield. In real life Henry would only meekly submit while the smudge on his windshield was being rearranged against his will.

Another favorite daydream would depict Henry in the subway crowd, responding to unnecessary jostling with a left hook to the jaw belonging to the owner of the offending elbow. In reality, however, such jostling was usually followed by a sneer directed at Henry and words to the effect of "whyncha watch where yer going"—which left him murmuring abject apologies long after the offending snarler had gone.

A third daydream found Henry masterfully embracing an imaginary ideal of blonde shapeliness and cutting off the flutter of her coquettish protests with a confident kiss. In real life, Henry could barely request such favors from a girl and was very close to being resigned to having them denied.

To sum up another aspect of his character, Henry's daydreams were compounded by his tendency to live in the after-world of "I-should-have-said, I-should-have-done" which is the refuge of the social incompetent. However, he was equally at home in the prologue universe wherein he coped boldly in his mind with situations he invariably fled from when later confronted with them. In a sense, that's what he was doing in this moment out of time wherein we now pinpoint him.

Henry was sitting at the bar of a small, rather posh cocktail lounge on the East Side of New York. It was ten in the evening and although he'd been sitting there for about an hour, he was still nursing his first drink. Henry wasn't much of a drinker. For that matter, he wasn't

much for sitting around posh cocktail lounges either. His presence here this particular evening was occasioned by his depression at having been turned down by three different girls for a date that evening.

Sitting moodily at the bar, Henry was about to embark on a well-rounded, fully-plotted fantasy and coming through the pastel-shaded glass doors was an exquisitely designed mechanism to trigger this fantasy. She seated herself on a stool at the bar not too far from Henry, and he proceeded to study her intently before drifting into the imaginary relationship he was about to envisage with her. Her shoulder-length blonde hair was more girlish than womanly, but there was a certain knowingness about the studiously veiled eyes, high cheekbones and exotically regular features which gave her an air of mature experience. Her carefully applied makeup and the simplicity of the black dress she wore both seemed to testify to a woman of some breeding, a former debutante perhaps, or maybe a career girl whose aloneness this evening was of her own choosing. The dress was sexy to an extreme—low-cut and short-skirted, casually displaying trim, slim legs, the half-moon tops of firm, full breasts—and it clung to hips that flared voluptuously from a small waist. The over-all impression made it easy for Henry to endow her with the most passionate-smoldering, if unawakened—characteristics to be utilized in the situation he was about to build in his mind.

Never taking his eyes off her, and never moving from his seat, he began. In his fantasy he snapped his fingers for the bartender, ordered another drink and with an air of sophistication had the bartender bring the lady one "with my compliments."

She turned to him with a smile, lifted her glass, raised her voice slightly and said, "Thank you."

"My pleasure." He smiled back

and their eyes met and locked for a long moment.

Still gazing at him, she slowly put down her glass and took out a cigarette. She held it between her fingers halfway to her lips, her expression demurely requesting a light.

Henry glided down the length of the bar to her, took out his lighter, flicked it—naturally it lit on the first try—and she bent to inhale slowly from the flame. "Thank you again," she said.

"Proximity gained is my reward," Henry replied boldly.

She laughed aloud, a tinkling, well-bred laugh. "As pretty a compliment as I've had of late, my good sir," she said coquettishly.

"Allow me to introduce myself; I'm Henry Dover."

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Dover. My name is Susan Cartwright."

"Call me Henry, please. And if it's not too presumptuous, I'll call you Susan."

"All right. But I want you to understand, Henry, that I don't usually speak to strange men in bars. It's just that you're so obviously a gentleman, and somehow I feel as though we already know each other."

"Well, I do know you, of course, Susan. That is, I've read about you. Your family is quite prominent, you know. And I was most impressed with the showing you made at the Horse Show last year. May I ask what you're doing in New York? I had understood that your family wintered in Palm Beach."

"The family is in Palm Beach. But Palm Beach is such a bore. The same faces all the time. The same effete young men with that shamed look they get if I catch them admiring my figure and that hypocritical way they have of treating me as if I were fragily made of glass. Well, listen to me! I am embarrassed! I hardly know you, Henry, and here I am telling you things I'd never tell another living soul. Intimate things, too! This is the (Cont. on p. 70)

THE JOKER'S GEMS



Sam checked into his favorite Miami Beach Hotel on his annual winter vacation, called for the bellboy with whom he arranged to have a call girl sent to his room. The bellboy told him, "That'll be \$25 for me and \$75 for the girl."

"Wow," exclaimed Sam. "In just one year, prices have gone up that much?"

The bellboy paid no attention, merely pocketed the two tens and a five and left. Shortly afterward, a bosomy, blonde tart showed up at Sam's suite. The vacationer offered her a drink as she entered, but the girl said, "Nothing doin' until I get my seventy-five."

Sam pulled out the dough and muttered, "My oh my—Miami's gotten so money-conscious!"

After a short while during which Sam had a few drinks with the girl, he noticed he was out of cigarettes. He decided to use the cigarette machine at the end of the hall, fearing that if he ordered the smokes from room service they'd cost him more than he'd want to pay. He turned to the girl and asked, "You have change for a dollar?"

"Change for a dollar!" she snorted. "In Miami a dollar is change!"

Charlie, who always enjoyed spoofing people, met a naturalist at a cocktail party and asked him, "Tell me, sir, if you were trapped in a

jungle with a leopard on one side and a hamcost on the other, which direction would you run?"

The naturalist looked startled. "A hamcost?" he murmured. "What's a hamcost?"

"Oh, about 75 cents a pound," Charlie replied.

Few girls ever blossomed into irresistible womanhood so quickly as Nancy did, and as such, she became a constant source of concern to her mother. By the time she was 18, Nancy was an eye-opening 38-23-36, and a day never went by when she did not receive a proposition.

As a result, her mother found it necessary to be quite strict. However, one day when the mother returned home, she found Nancy, with sweater disarrayed, lipstick smeared and hair tousled. "Nancy," the mother reprimanded, "didn't I tell you not to let any men into our apartment when I wasn't around?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Mother," laughed the girl. "I went to his apartment this time. Now let his mother worry!"

During the New York police's recent campaign against mashers in Central Park there was one hoodlum arrested who proved wittier than usual. When asked why he showed the audacity to embrace a policewoman in uniform he replied, "Hell, she's so beautiful—I couldn't help taking the law into my own hands."

After spending two years traveling around the world on a merchant ship, Harry returned home where he was fondly greeted by his beautiful, well-stacked wife. They hurried to her hotel room and got undressed when suddenly they were disturbed by a clamor in the hall outside and a shout of "Let me in!"

Harry jumped out of bed and exclaimed, "I'll bet that's your husband."

The wife answered angrily, "The hell it is. He's at sea, thousands of miles away!"

Daffynition—Vice Versa: Off-color poems.



"Tell my other wives I'll be taking it easy tonight, Abdul."

THE INCREDIBLE MAFIA GIRL

(Continued from page 8)

police informer. She is also a paid underworld informer. Furthermore, she often goes into little racketeering operations of her own design. Finally, she is not very loyal to any segment of her clientele.

The fact that she stays out of jail, stays alive, and prospers is testimony to her considerable abilities and deep human insight.

She is both intelligent and beautiful, and it goes without saying, she "out-Machiavelli's" Machiavelli. In her mid-thirties this lovely call girl-double agent exudes sensuality in her carefully fitted couturier clothing. Chest, thigh, ankle and perfume, her physical cast sends the amorous machinery of any male into frantic motion. She looks that good. When she opens her mouth to speak—music pours forth. This is not at all accidental, either. In her youth this latter-day Mata Hari had aspired to success in the theatre, and she worked at it seriously. This meant voice lessons, dance lessons, dramatic lessons, plus learning how to become another character when the play called for it. Having failed in her onslaught on show business (and who knows how she managed this) she turned her abilities elsewhere. Nevertheless, it is believed that her play-for-pay activities did begin in her show business days when rent had to be paid or a producer pleased.

Though she is not college-educated, her knowledge, academic as well as practical, is considered easily comparable to that of any Vassar graduate. Many a good jurist has engaged her in passionate discussion on subjects of range and mutual interest.

Her psychological makeup seems to have one great flaw in it, however. In a very fundamental way she is emotionally dead. There is not a genuine feeling in her entire voluptuous frame. She is painfully conscious of her lack of feeling. To feel alive she must create excitement. For a short while the glamor of being a high-paid super star in bed—rather than on stage—managed to stimulate her. It did not last however. No matter how rich an anonymous Texas oil man may be, no matter how much finery and cash he may visit on you, one anonymous Texas oil man feels and acts just like any other. She wanted more out of life than her profession then was bringing her. Thus, she came to her corkscrew road quite by accident.

One night she was raided by the police while routinely occupied with her work. As she and her embarrassed customer got dressed, it occurred to her that she might be headed for court and jail—not a very good thing to have happen, inasmuch as a publicly-branded prostitute will

lose her better-paying clientele which needs services from women untouched by notoriety. She had to think quickly. Left alone with the arresting officer, she called on all her dramatic ability to unfold a tale which moved his hardened cop's heart. She had done what she had done, she explained, to save the life of her sick mother who required expensive medical care. Not an original line (it was as corny as the one delivered by the hustler who said she was trying to buy a tombstone for her departed father) but rendered with sincerity and good actors' studio technique, it worked. The cop turned her loose and became her lover—for two weeks. Then her steel-trap mind closed tight on the poor cop. The call girl turned him in to his commanding officer, a captain of police. She complained that the young cop had caught her in a compromising situation and was now forcing himself into her bed. The policeman, now thoroughly compromised because of his failure to pinch the luscious prostitute, was dismissed from the force. He also received a stern warning never to darken the lady's door step again.

As might be expected, it did not require too much time before the police captain himself was inspecting the modest collection of paintings on the walls of the brainy call girl. The captain found himself inspecting other things too.

The pattern became lively. To take off on an old saying, "A captain in bed keeps the bulls from the door." She got some kicks out of this situation, and before the excitement could fade into the routine emptiness she hated, she also developed variations on her sport. Two or three times a week she managed to conduct poker games, the players being made up of her customers. A knowledgeable girl, she knew what the house cut should be. The brothel-card room was extremely profitable, but soon two flies landed in the ointment. The underworld gamblers found out, and they didn't like this mouse muscling in on the mob-controlled gambling set up. Furthermore, the captain, much to his chagrin, also realized that gambling could put him in a worse spot than prostitution.

The captain, like the officer he had dismissed, found himself in a very delicate situation. Could he blow the whistle on her, knowing full well that she could blow a very telling whistle on him? For a time he tried to ignore the situation, but then the mob moved in. The ingenious call girl who was one step ahead of the police stopped the mob representatives cold by telling them

that her partner in the poker parlor was none other than her lover, the highly-placed cop. Asked by the yeggs to prove her case she got on the phone and called the precinct as the mob men listened on the extension. She told the captain to come right over. This bit of operating efficiency so impressed the local mob's high command that she soon was visited by one of the well known underworld chiefs.

For a while, the top mobster was her match. He slapped her around to demonstrate the fact that he did not care with whom she slept, but she was not going to operate a poker game without his OK, and without the mob taking a piece of the action. Nevertheless, since she was able to outthink a patrolman and a captain she was confident she could also outthink a thug. Thus the excitement renewed itself, as the U.S. answer to Christine Keeler made her next gambit. After she had complied with the underworld's demand and had accommodated the mob's big man, allaying his cautiousness by giving him her body, she told the whole story to the captain. Naturally, the captain found no joy in all of this. How could he lay a finger on the mobsters without exposing himself?

Ah, the thoughts that some girls have in bed! "Simple," said the busy bawd, "Introduce me to the District Attorney's office as a girl who can bring in mob information. Tell them," added the sharp-brained Venus, "that the plan is to set up a card game, let the mob move in, get filiply with them, get all the information we want."

It was done this way on the Captain's recommendation. Now it was cozy. She had a police-controlled, mob-operated, district-attorney-approved card game, with a brothel on the side. Not only did she give the DA's office information gleaned from her mobster lover (who insisted on paying her regular fee so as not to do her out of anything) but she also found two assistant DA's who could not resist her charms and passion.

What she learned from the DA's (they talked shop) she sold to the mob.

Soon she was meeting judges who first admired her for her aid to law enforcement and then came to admire her for other talents as well. By now the smallest fish in her busy bed was the well-hooked police captain who was proving an annoyance and a time waster. She advised him to get transferred before she dropped a few hints to the DA about his nefarious activity. The captain quickly arranged to get himself removed to another outpost.

She had the situation well in hand and found no difficulty in convincing all elements involved of her complete loyalty. Whenever that dreaded

(Cont. on p. 82)

DOUBLE-TAKES DOUBLE-TAKES FOR THE ASKING



Sometimes one is tempted to take off on an old line, "Photographers are the cwaziest people!" After all, just look at the picture above. Liz Johnson, a tempting morsel on her own right, is weirdly accompanied by an Oriental statue, and whatever was on the mind of the gent behind the camera could only be described as far out. Yet, you have to admit, Liz's beauty is far out enough to make the picture in. For other results by imaginative photographers, shooting luscious lasses, turn the page.

**These photos would
make one admit that
"scene is believing."**

Actually there's more method than madness to the zany props that photographers frequently use—and the proof of the pudding lies in the fact that the pictures which result are usually unforgettable. But there's more than meets the eye (on first glance, of course) that makes a luscious lass, combined with a clever prop, proper.

Take for example the photo of Liz Johnson on the preceding page. The statue shown with her may seem out of place at first, but then notice that the figurine is Oriental and it is laughing, providing a light and exotic touch, both of which suit Liz admirably. The carefree mood is also achieved by Shirley Willis' lollipop (right). Then, too, the prop points up her lovely face. On the opposite page, Diane True, who's caressable-looking in her own right, appears even more so, posing with a knight in armor. Standing before a camera wielded by an enterprising chimpanzee, Jean Perkins is agreeable and patient. What male wouldn't want to ape this ape?

Checkers anyone? The game comes in for spoofing by Audrey Denby, designed to cause a lot of jumping—for joy. Finally, Dondi Penn more than proves a point: The TV Western hero would look silly kissing his horse, as long as there were eyefilling cowgirls like her around. It all goes to show that double-takes add up to double-enjoyment of glamor photos.





Unusual glamor photos have frequently been used by publicity men to attract attention to the products they promote. On these pages the technique is used in reverse — with out-of-the-ordinary props being used to put something extra into a glamor shot. Besides a clever photographer, what is also very much needed is an out-of-the-ordinary beauty.

THE GROWING FAD OF "SEX SING- ALONGS"

The old Cole Porter hit, "Let's Do It—Let's Fall in Love," would make a superb motto for a fad that's currently sweeping the country. Are you lonely, a little bitter, disappointed in love or perhaps thoroughly sexually frustrated? The answer for you may be group therapy—as close to a million Americans have been discovering. For a small fee, you can join a group, meet a beautiful damsel in emotional distress—and learn to live a little, love a little.

Group psychotherapy actually began more than fifty years ago—and for all intents and purposes, it is here to stay. Yet, many psychiatrists still frown on it, mainly because it is so daring.

People become part of a therapeutic group in one of two basic ways. Some have been under indi-

vidual therapy of an analyst who believes that the patient has made some progress and would make greater progress at this point in treatment if he were part of a group. Secondly, is through referrals. Patients themselves who are involved in group therapy recommend others. Group members often believe that they can recognize emotional problems in others and when they do they suggest that a friend join them on the road to emotional health. The therapist, of course, interviews such a prospect first. Referrals are also made by physicians, church people, social workers and marriage counselors among others.

However, the sly truth about this currently popular form of balm for that age-old man-woman problem is merely winked at by the pillars of The Establishment. With society



For those with love problems, here's the treatment

being a patchwork of conflicting attitudes on sexual behavior, it is understandable that a social worker would be reluctant to tell anyone to go live it up; it's more "in" to recommend group therapy.

This form of treatment generally involves five to nine persons who shell out ten dollars per session. It's expensive, but there are many old-time patients who will tell you that they've never gotten a better value for their dough.

Does it work? Do people actually find a solution to their sexual problems? Well, it depends largely on the person directing the group.

The psychotherapists who are advocates of group therapy see the arrangement in terms of inter-actions of people under controlled circumstances in which their basic personalities become illuminated. In this

way the treated individual gets to know clearly what he is really like and thus is able to overcome his problems. The group is also simultaneously thought of by some proponents as a newly created family group. The new family, devoid of the trappings and involved emotional overgrowth of the patient's real family, allows for better relations and inter-actions. In a certain way, the group family affords the patient an opportunity to begin life anew, make fresh relationships without the handicap of old history and old hostility.

However, the "family" concept is carried only so far, because the main purpose of group is to give each person a fresh outlook on sex.

Let's examine a typical new family on a typical new group therapy frontier. This particular group has

been in session for almost two years. The group therapist in this instance is a recognized analyst and licensed by the State of New York. There are nine members in the group. Of these nine, six have been with the group from the outset. The other three places have been subject to turn over due to cures and drop-outs. Only two of the nine under treatment are new in the group having been part of the ensemble for less than six months. The group meets in the office of the therapist each Tuesday night at 7:30 sharp. The session will conclude at 9 sharp! Into that island of time the group jams in a full emotional evening. The office is large, living room like, and comfortable. The patients generally kick their shoes off and get comfortable.

Since most of (Cont. on p. 81)



that many are finding a terrific treat.

By John Rowan



TORTURE ON THE MAGAZINE RACK

Want to drive yourself mad? Try this

For the past 15 years, much of my leisure time has been spent, reading various and sundry magazines, ranging from those dealing with news subjects to the publications that cater more specifically to male readership, like the one in which this article appears. To put it simply, I love magazines.

However, of late, I have been amazed at the number of periodicals clustering on the newsstands, brandishing such headlines as, "The Fiendish Guerilla Girl Castro Fears Most," "East Berlin's Army of Teen-Aged Hell Cats," "The New Drug That Restores Potency" or "The Day Hitler Bombed the Kremlin."

Having kept reasonably abreast of current affairs since graduating from college, I could state to myself with certitude that Fidel Castro, if he does worry, is more inclined to cerebrate about Cuba's economy than about some bare-bosomed femme psychopath; that teen-aged hell cats, if East Berlin does possess any greater number than West Berlin, are hardly militarized (or "Mafia-ized"); that no drug so far has been authorized by doctors to make a man make women better; and



six-months reading diet / By Chris Delson

that Hitler never did fulfill his dream of bombing the Kremlin.

Yet, such titles have been inducing people to buy magazines. I was fascinated. Who bought these publications, I wondered? What kind of minds did these readers possess?

To see what effect such literary diet would have on my own mind, I decided to try an experiment. For six months I would read only these weird magazines (I was sure it would be like smoking marijuana or inhaling glue). The results, as you might suspect, almost landed me in a lunatic asylum.

Few magazines in the group reviewed neglected to use a fact-ridden article on a "new drug" guaranteed either to prolong sexual longevity or else give me increased immediate potency. To avail myself of such benefits I must employ pills, powders, exercises and even highly novel contraptions. In the event my male prowess should be going well, I'm offered counsel as to birth control. However, I'm cautioned that certain new (Cont. next page)



MAGAZINE TORTURE RACK

chemotherapy methods might lead to undesirable side effects.

Crime has always been an American blight, but the sense of jeopardy I now feel has been made urgent by my current readings. To wit: I find that grave automobile accidents may be accompanied by "professional body snatchers." A pro corpse snatcher is a charlatan mortician who gets to the immediate family before the arrival of an official police report. By catching the grieved off guard, it is easy to get a contract for a burial padded with needless bill and for services which could be obtained for half the figure by a legitimate undertaker. There are other gyps much in vogue. My magazine cullings reveal check cheats, bogus heater repairmen, air conditioner and TV frauds, tire selling crooks, stock swindles and retail food trickery. Too, I might even find I've been taken by grave perpetual care services and tombstone restoration plans. Insurance cheats seem to be on the wane. In their place, the real estate land sales seem to be a sweeter racket. I've read the full account of how a few acres of real estate can be bought for as little as \$10.00 down. With the purchase goes the pledge of roads, sewers, clear title, taxes and assessments that a buyer would want. In reality, they just aren't there!

The horrible truth, I learned, is that the buyer gets a deed to a dried up parchment of Southwest land that will never be habitable for anything but a rattlesnake. Instead of a down payment on a plot of happiness, investment disaster lies ahead.

As a war vet myself, I'm certainly imbued with a concern for the national safety. By all the accounts I've gathered, America is in stark danger—both within as well as without. I'm told from my literature that the Kremlin put on espionage fat due to the existence of the monument to peace—the UN building. New York City then is a hot bed of agents moving under the convenient cover of political amnesty. Further, I'm informed that the Russians have pre-empted us in developing truth serums and techniques that obtain information regardless of how well entrusted persons are indoctrinated. What's more, many of the expose magazines say that our State Department is laced with persons of known offbeat bent. Why such persons are attracted to this service is a mystery to me. Nevertheless, their positions in such a critical role must leave me uneasy.

Drug addiction, I find, is no longer a spotty prob-

lem limited to a few of the nation's principal cities. Instead, I note that it is on the increase in all the major cities throughout the country. But even more frightening, the appetite for the high kick, the mainliner shot, is frequent among youths of teen age. Now, I hold much concern that some heartless junky will invite my youngster to a kick party. Instead of a thrill ride on a roller coaster, he'll be taking a joy jaunt with a makeshift hypodermic proffered by a neighborhood euphoria merchant.

Just as threatening is the girl teen clubs I've had to contemplate in my readings. Contact with boys under a code which emphasizes non-virginity rules is the pre-requisite to membership. Surprisingly, such teen-age associations don't just spring up from depressed neighborhoods. Indeed the appearance often comes in average and above average communities.

The world I've discovered is not immoral—it is amoral. Unwittingly, impetus to amorality is fostered by those wearing the mantles of scholarly investigators. Some sociologists are taking great offense to the "statistical reports" which record America's dwindling moral standards. Virginity, it seems, like the Indian, is vanishing from the scene. In consequence, youth interprets such reports as a license to experiment with sex, since, typically, that's what the rest of the population is recorded to be doing. Already the courts have been petitioned to excuse sexual delinquency on the grounds of it's being the "statistical norm."

Gruesome killings have always been part of the dossier of crime. Yet, I never fully realized the extent to which man will go to heap pain and horror on his fellow man. True, I had regarded the Nazi atrocities as a weird blemish of a maniacal group. I now see that my thinking is naive. I find that Mr. Citizen revels in lynchings, flagellations, chokings, burnings and acid flinging.

Less shocking but nevertheless just as serious an indictment of our times is the warp and woof of the fixing practice.

Apparently no area is sacred. There are fixes for TV contests, beauty contests, traffic tickets, judges and juries. Job employment is gangster union dominated and even the hallowed halls of the academic classroom are sullied by student grades, beefed up with currency exchanges to pedagogues.

On the foreign financial side of the news, I've found out that Japan has the most successful industry in pornography the world has (Cont. on p. 72)

BUILDING UP THE GATE

*When talent is missing there's
still one thing that will pack in the crowds.*

By Wilson DeVries

THE LATE Jack Johnson, after becoming the first Negro to win the heavyweight championship, also became the first prize fighter to get rich at his profession. As cries of "white hope" heralded each challenger to Johnson's crown, crowds swelled every title defense. Understandably Johnson was moved to comment about the hostile reception he received from fight fans, "I don't care how much they want to see me get beat, so long as they pay their money to get in."

The same sentiment was recently echoed by Sonny Liston, and privately today's champ probably hopes he never does become popular.

In baseball, as fans outside New York screamed, "Break up the Yankees," the Bronx Bombers proceeded to set attendance records on the road.

The ingredient of Johnson's, Liston's and the Yankees' gate appeal quite obviously is the fans' hatred of them. However, it must be said that each of the above, on ability alone, well earned the riches they acquired from attracting spectators.

"Get 'em to hate you, and the people will come out to see your face pushed in," said an old-time writer. It's a maxim that still holds true, even though today's performers do not boast the concentration of glittering talent, as in days gone by.

Take Cassius Clay, for instance. A green fighter and a gauche rhymester, Clay has cleverly built up a following, primarily on braggadocio. "I'm the greatest fighter alive," says Cassius. "I'm also the most beautiful fighter in the ring." Whether Clay has done so completely deliberately or not, his boasts and his predictions of the round in which he expects to knock out his opponent have served to taunt fight fans into hating him. Even if he never beats Liston or proves himself a worthy competitor, Cassius will retire as one of the richest fighters in history.

However, building up the gate through hate is

not only true of athletes; it is also an effective gimmick in show business.

Theatre people trade on a subtle variation of hatred, known as notoriety. "She's a terrible person, but she is beautiful," a woman was overheard saying about Elizabeth Taylor, after leaving the showing of *Cleopatra*. The same remark might also have been made of Ingrid Bergman, following her flight from her family into the bedroom of Roberto Rossellini. It also might have been made of Lana Turner and Ava Gardner while they were taking on and shedding husbands like molting canaries.

Quite frequently theatre people sense the love-hate magnetism they have for audiences and go out of their way to cultivate it. In Des Moines, Ethel Barrymore was entertaining in her dressing room between acts the members of a local ladies club when her brother John dropped in. The Great Profile listened to the chatter for a while, growing bored. Then he received his call for the next act. All the while he had been sitting on the daintily covered toilet, and when he rose to leave, he pulled the chain and said, "It's been most charming, ladies."

One can imagine a shrewd promoter making a gold mine out of any comely, well-stacked, no-talent actress. One approach is to have her make acid remarks against an already established star, such as, "They say I'm not as talented as she, only because my figure is better than hers," or "At least all the assets I've started with are mine."

Another approach is to supply her with well-timed, provocative remarks to deliver to the press, like: "I've always gotten everything I wanted. I see no reason why I shouldn't become a good actress," or "It's a terrible thing to admit (between sobs), I'm leaving my husband because my sex appeal overwhelmed him."

As Leo Durocher once said, "Nice guys never finish first."

CELEBRITIES' TOP



What do the Aga Khan, Charlie Chaplin Jr. and George Montgomery have in common? The answer is a lovely bundle of femininity, named Ziva Rodann, over whom each of these distinguished gents has flipped his lid to be with her. Possessing such desire would put any man in excellent company, but the fact is that Ziva, ever since she hit Hollywood several years ago, has captured the fancy of filmdom's top male personalities. And today, she must certainly rate as the celebrities' No. 1 glamor girl.

A former Israeli soldier, Ziva has been studying acting diligently, made two films and shortly is expected to be launched as a star in her own right.

GLAMOR GIRL



ON THE LEVEL

(Continued from page 11)

and as the shade flew up she paused in mid-puff.

I grinned inanely. What else could I do?

"Just what are you doing?" she demanded, making no move to cover herself.

"Window washer, miss. Sorry about the shade."

I kept grinning at her hopelessly. I indicated my harness, squeegee and bucket. "See," I repeated idiotically, "window washer."

She glared at me a moment, then said, "Well, don't stand there gaping, you fool. Go away!"

I shrugged, moved down the ledge to the next window. Wow, her bedroom! She came in from the living-room, intent on slipping into her bathrobe or something—and there was I.

She was lovely, but there was something wrong in the way she looked, in the tilt of her head, in the raven shimmer of her lustrous black hair, in the feline greenness of her eyes. And then I knew what it was—she was on her feet.

Just as Goya's nudes would look ludicrous standing up, and Botticelli's undraped beauties would look foolish except lying down, so this chick was made for the horizontal; and while she was great standing upright, I knew that on her back she'd be sensational.

"You again?"

I grinned sheepishly. "Sorry," I

LYING TO WOMEN

(Continued from page 14)

blondes," was realistic enough to recognize her shortcomings. Nevertheless, as the months wore on, the enterprising publicist managed to convince not only the movie moguls and the public of his client's great "talent," but eventually even the lovely lady began to believe that her endowments extended beyond her physical proportions. It wasn't until the publicity man—now thoroughly entranced—married this "most beautiful, talented girl in the world," that she gave up her career to raise their family. Yet, both the publicist and his wife look forward to the day when she will be free to stage her "comeback."

For the most part, however, the need to lie arises whenever two strong desires plow headlong into conflict, a frequent and natural phenomenon. Certainly it is best not to be caught in a lie—and in the case with females, it is frequently best not to lie at all; for as the suburban husband at the beginning of this article demonstrated, a woman will never believe the truth anyway. ●

said, "Didn't realize you were coming in here."

"When I said go away," she said tartly, "I meant GO AWAY!"

"It's not my fault," I told her. "Fate keeps throwing us together."

"And I'm going to throw you off that ledge if you don't stop ogling me." But she didn't make any move to cover herself, didn't attempt to get dressed. She had a very special look in those cat's eyes of hers—the horizontal look.

"My name's—well, what's in a name," I began conversationally. "Anyway, I only wash windows during vacation. I go to school at—"

"Sonny, I don't care if you're John Glenn, and you go to school on the moon! Just get the hell off my window before I call a cop!" But her look said something else.

I unhooked and slipped a leg over the sill.

"Where do you think you're going?" she demanded, moving back to give me more room.

"Well," I mumbled, "I thought maybe some coffee—"

"COFFEE! Listen, I'm giving you just thirty seconds to get out of here, before I..."

But her eyes said, *Come in.*

We reacted to one another as if we were oppositely magnetized. My mouth was on her lips—moist, full, red lips. I've a thing for lower lips. The chick can be a dog, as long as the lower lip is a full, soft one.

She intertwined herself about me, nude white from cascading raven hair to scarlet toenails, and the sensation was not of this world. I could feel the sleek perfection of her body through my clothes, her ruby-tipped breasts pushing against me impatiently. I felt her soft arms around me, under my armpits, as she hooked her exquisitely manicured hands at my shoulders, thrusting her dancer's belly toward me.

And I suddenly realized that we were standing by the open window. Not only could we be seen in sharp relief against the white apartment walls by everyone in neighboring apartments, but my colleague, a fellow student, might come looking for me any moment. I pried loose, and the chick let go with low moans that set my hair climbing. I'd been right. She was the type that digs. What might have been foolish prematurity had turned out to be telling perception. She was a chick who thought "horizontally."

She was trying to steer me toward the oversized Hollywood bed in her room, but I pulled back.

"Hey, how about if I pulled the blind?" I asked her, reaching for it automatically.

"No!" she screamed, "NO!" Leave

it alone!" She was between me and it faster than a city cop reaching for a payoff. "If you want to stay, leave it up!"

"But the whole damn neighborhood can see us!"

"Leave it up... or get out!"

I gazed out the window, and thoughts of my colleague, a Fordham product, of neighbors, even of passing police helicopters, came with frightening clarity. But her eyes were locked with mine, her mind assailing me with little numerous promises, so I shrugged.

"Okay, honey."

She came to me then, her original cool aloofness turned to flame and smoke. And insistent probing turned to quick, darting passion that knew no barrier and sent lancets of fire coursing through my being. My hands slid over the silky whiteness of her thighs and I lifted her in my arms, dropping her lightly on the bed. She kept her hands clasped about my neck. I went down with her. Horizontal. And just as the world shuddered itself into silence, she whispered in a hot, pulsing voice: "They're watching—while we make love—oh, baby!"

Her name was Yasmín, which was as exotic as her raven hair and feline eyes. She worked as a hostess at a club on East 59th Street, a place ostensibly catering to would-be playboys. She had her own apartment in Washington Square. The perfect setup. Yet, there was something distinctly queer about the chick. Isn't there always? What it was with her, I couldn't quite pin down, but she never made love in the dark, and always with the blinds up—and once while there was a girl friend in the living-room. It got to be a bit embarrassing. But she was a cool sketch, and she knew how to use that horizontal body of hers—so well. I didn't really give a damn. I got used to it. Up to a point. I mean...

One Sunday evening, there we were, sharing a cigarette, the bed a mess, and she murmured, "Baby, do you want to make me very happy?"

Now there'd been no hint of marriage. Nothing like that. I turned to her—she was still flushed from love-making—and answered, "Sure, honey, but I'm still in college. I've hardly enough money for my—"

"Idiot!" she laughed, kicking my free leg. "I'm not talking about that."

"Well, sure, I want to make you happy," I covered quickly.

"Then will you do something for me?"

"Depends."

She got to her knees, her black hair spilling over her bare white shoulders.

"Come on," she begged, coaxing me.

I didn't feel much like it, whatever

it might be. I was exhausted. "For God's sake," I protested, "what is it?"

"Come," she insisted, dragging me over to the open window. It was about seven, and the Square was filled with Sunday out-of-towners. Yasmin moved out onto the wide ledge under the window with the natural grace of a lynx. She was stark naked.

"Where the blazes are you going?" I asked perplexedly.

"Come on, baby," she wheedled.

"The hell. Not on your life."

"You want to see me again?"

"Let's face it. I'm only human. I had two more months before I went back to school, and the setup with Yasmin was just what the psychiatrist ordered. I climbed out on the ledge. She wasn't kidding.

We made love right there, in full view of the hicks from New Jersey; in open sight of the apartments above, below, around and across from us. She moaned and arched her back in a frenzy of passion, till I thought for sure we'd be arrested.

But we weren't, and strangely enough, it was the most satisfying, nerve-tling time I've ever experienced.

When it was over, she asked simply, "Was it good?"

What could I say. It was marvelous. Of course, I'd been scared witless throughout.

In the weeks that followed, I made love to Yasmin openly in Central Park, in a vacant meeting hall in Brooklyn Heights, on the public beach at Fire Island, and in the back row of the circle in the Metropolitan Opera House during the final act of Tristan and Isolde.

I lost about forty pounds and developed a nervous tic under my left eye. I had to give up washing windows. I was fast becoming a nervous wreck.

Finally, after a particularly crowded Saturday night aboard the Staten Island ferry, I knew it had to be all over between the insatiable Yasmin and myself—the pace was ruining me.

So I told her goodbye.

She didn't seem to mind a bit. But it broke my heart. I was crazy about the chick. And I didn't really mind so much about all the weird places I made her—maybe I even liked it, a little. But what she had in mind was going too far.

I mean, you'd chicken out too, wouldn't you, if a chick started talking serious about making it in the window of Saks, Fifth Avenue. ●

39 INCHES OF FEMME FATALE

(Continued from page 48)

"You mean you told him you were there with Dwight Horner?" Louise was shocked.

"Of course not, silly. I told him I was there alone. I confessed that I'd been a very naughty girl and was sunbathing in the semi-nude to get an even tan so there wouldn't be any unsightly lines when I get back to civilization and wear a low-cut dress. He chided me like a father for my foolishness, but in the end he understood."

"I'm surprised he believed you," said Louise sharply.

"Well, I had to explain what a predicament I'd be in without an extra bra. Of course, that didn't really take much time. All I actually had to do was drop my arms from in front of me and he could see for himself."

"Oh. And then you had to fight him off."

Carla laughed. "From the look on his face when he saw my undraped charms, it was a definite possibility. But no. Bwana Moresby has great self-control—great enough to stop himself from taking advantage of a sweet young virgin like me."

"Ha!"

"Don't be cynical, Louise. Virginity is a state of mind—one I planted in his mind, that is..."

As he made his way towards the clearing in the hills, Alan Moresby kept telling himself that it was only natural that Carla would fail to appreciate how dangerous it was to invade a lion's territory alone. But he had the experience; he was also well aware of the danger and yet nevertheless continued toward it. This, he thought, made him something of a damn fool—particularly if he got killed, searching for some foolish bit of lingerie. But he thought of Carla's body hot and trembling with promise in his arms, and knew he couldn't turn back.

He stepped from the brush into the clearing she'd described—there could be no mistaking it—and there, off to his right, he spied the lion, perched on its haunches and sunning itself. Just as he saw it the lion caught his smell. The fur rose on its back and it leaped to its feet.

Instantly Alan identified the leap for what it was—the first in a rapid series of motions constituting the charge of the lion straight for him. Alan fired—then felt the claws of the lion dig savagely into his flesh as its weight drove him to the ground. It took him a moment to recover enough from the impact to realize that his shot had gone true to the heart; the beast had died even as it

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fell atop him with all its weight.

Alan squirmed out from under the dead cat. He crawled a few feet away from it and then rested, waiting until his heart stopped pounding and he had his breath back. Then he got to his feet and circled the clearing, looking for Carla's bra. He found it without any trouble; it was dangling from the branch of a low shrub off to one side. Alan started back down the trail the way he had come. But he stopped in his tracks when his eye caught the white of a bit of material clinging to an overhanging branch.

He pulled it loose and examined it. It was silk, the kind of material from which expensive men's underwear is made. It bore a label which said: "Brooks Bros." There was no doubt in Alan's mind that it must have come from a garment belonging to Dwight Horner. But how had it gotten caught so high up in a tree? Horner must have been carrying it—and over his head, too. Alan knelt and examined the ground and the underbrush. Yes, he must have been running. Suspicion turned to near certainty in Alan's mind. Yes, running, as if being chased by a lion.

But he had to make absolutely sure. He retraced his steps to the clearing. He examined it carefully and then he found what he'd been looking for: Two sets of footprints, one pair larger than the other; also on either side were swirls of dust, giving mute testimony to the thrashings of two people making love. There was black anger on Alan Moresby's face as he strode down the trail back to the campsite again.

Passing the waterhole he spied Mrs. Horner sunning herself in a deck chair and safely surrounded by

native gun bearers. He carefully circled her so she didn't see him and entered the campsite proper from in back of the tent occupied by Carla and Louise. He avoided them also, and crossed over to his own tent, passing the Horner's tent on the way. Glancing in, he spied Dwight Horner stretched out on his cot in his underwear, sound asleep. Alan entered his own tent and sat on the edge of his cot; he had some thinking to do.

It didn't take long, and when he got to his feet there was a grim smile on his face. He crossed back to the Horner's tent and entered quietly. Very carefully he slipped Carla's brassiere under Dwight Horner's pillow, leaving just enough of it visible so that it would be sure to be noticed. Then he hurried down to the waterhole.

"I think you've had enough sun, Mrs. Horner," he greeted her. "If you want to rest, I'd suggest you do it in your tent."

"I suppose you're right, Mr. Moresby. I only came out here because I didn't want to disturb Dwight. He was hiking around most of the day and it must have tired him out. He's been napping the last few hours."

"No he hasn't, Mrs. Horner. Maybe he started out to take a nap, but I guess he must have remembered some business. Miss Sanders has been with him for quite a while now and they must be working." Alan kept his voice purposely flat, but he noted carefully that the insinuation hadn't been missed by Mrs. Horner.

"Well, if he's up," she said a little falteringly, "I might as well join him." She rose and started for her tent.

Alan gave her five minutes and then casually strolled past the opening of the Horner's tent. Dwight Horner's voice was low and he couldn't quite catch his words. But Mrs. Horner's answer was shrill and there was no mistaking the accusation of it. "Don't try to make a fool out of me, Dwight. I'm well aware of my shortcomings. I can't fill a 38-inch brassiere and I know it. Of course it couldn't be mine. It could only be Carla's and there's only one reason why it would be under your pillow—if you and she have been making love. And I won't stand for that, Dwight, I tell you, I won't have it."

With Dwight Horner's soothing protestations and promises of future fidelity fading from his hearing, Alan crossed over to Carla's tent. He stopped outside and eavesdropped a moment.

"...in clover," Carla was saying. "There will be plenty of jerks like Moresby to string along, but Louise, doll, it's the Horner millions that will give me security. I'll be able to have all the fun I want as long as I keep Dwight happy, and that isn't hard to do."

"As long as his wife doesn't find out," Louise observed.

"Why should she? I'll take every precaution, just like I did by sending Alan after my bra." She giggled. "I do hope the simpleton hasn't gotten himself eaten by a lion or something. Anyway, I've got nothing to worry about where Mrs. Horner is concerned."

The "simpleton" grinned to himself and strolled away from the tent. Nothing to worry about, huh? He thought. Baby, that's what you think! ●

POP ART

(Continued from page 46)

machines are really art at all. Maybe everybody who accepts the "experts' judgment that what looks like splattered gook is really "primitive expressionism," or "abstractionism" or "surrealism of the soul" ought to start asking questions. And maybe the first question—to paraphrase an old saw—which they ought to ask is: "Very ugly; but is it art?"

But then again as was observed by one wise old critic who prefers to remain anonymous: "Making a name for oneself seems to be more important with today's artists than the art itself. If this infantile wish for success is characteristic of the emptiness of the modern age—as so many of my collector friends tell me—then we have truly retrogressed to a state where Stone Age artisans, by comparison, represent a far advanced culture than ours." ●

ALL IN THE MIND

(Continued from page 54)

first time in my life I've ever established a rapport with another man so quickly. And the strange thing is that I don't mind. I rather enjoy it."

"I'm honored," Henry told her. He motioned the bartender for another round of drinks.

"It's just that you're so unlike the young men I know. I mean, your manners, your bearing and your clothes are impeccable, but somehow you seem more of a person."

"I'm not of your class," Henry told her modestly. "Whatever success I've had in life has been through my own efforts abetted by a great deal of luck."

"Yet you comport yourself like a man of breeding."

"Comportment," he told her gently, "is more a matter of individual character than class."

"Yes," she mused, "that's true. I'm sorry, I must sound like an awful

snob, but I guess I can't help it."

"Not at all. You sound like a young lady who is questioning her set of values. And that's always a worthwhile enterprise."

"How wise you are!"

"Not really. Just perhaps a bit more experienced than you are."

"Oh, my, I'm afraid I'm really feeling this drink," she said. "This is the first time I've had three in such rapid succession. I really should be going home."

"It would give me great pleasure to see you home, Susan. That is, if you don't mind?"

"Mind? I'd be delighted. Truthfully, I'm not used to being out alone at night in the city, and I'm a little afraid."

"Then it's settled." Henry motioned the bartender for the bill, paid it, added just exactly the right tip—neither too little, nor too much—and

escorted Susan outside. He hailed a taxicab and Susan gave the driver an address in the swank Gracie Terrace section.

When they reached it, Henry paid off the driver—again adding just the right tip—and saw Susan to the door.

"Won't you come in," she said. "The house is a mess, all the servants are away for the winter, and it's really supposed to be closed up. But if you don't mind the mustiness and the dropcloths all over everything, I'd like to repay you for your courtesy with a nightcap."

"That's very kind of you," Henry replied and followed her into the house.

She took his hand in such a way that he felt her pulse beating rapidly and led him through the darkened rooms to a study. Even with the dropcloths and sealed windows, Henry could appreciate the quiet aura of moneyed good taste which permeated the house and its furnishings. He was more impressed, however, by the unspoken ways in which Susan was making it known to him that she found him physically attractive.

Besides the fluttering pulsebeat, there had been the feverish warmth of her palms in his as she led him through the house. And now, in the subdued light from the one lamp she had turned on, there was the rapid rise and fall of her breasts as she looked at him from the corner of her eye while mixing his drink. Nor did he miss the blush which spread half-innocently over her cheeks when she accidentally brushed against him with her hip as she crossed the room for the whiskey.

Susan turned on some music, handed him his drink and sat on the couch beside him. "Well—" she began, obviously flustered at finding herself alone with such an attractive man.

Henry didn't let her finish the sentence. From the wealth of his great experience, with the surety of his natural poise and the forcefulness of his innate manliness, he took her in his arms and expertly kissed her.

Her lips clung to his lingeringly, as reluctant to end the kiss as he was. Her body pressed against his eagerly, warm flesh quick-breathing beneath the thin dress as it pressed against his muscular frame. Henry's hands slid surely inside the top of the low-cut gown and caressed one delectable orb with a motion that made Susan sigh. He kissed her again and then slid his other hand under her skirt, up the length of her leg until it encountered the trembling flesh above the stocking-tops.

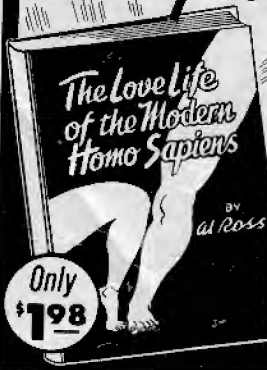
"Henry," she murmured, "I've never met a man like you before. You're so—so—masterful."

"I want you," he told her honestly, working his hand higher up her thigh.

"I know. I want you too. It's crazy, but that's the way I feel, and I won't

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deny it, I just met you and I want you more than any man I ever met. Maybe you're Spengali, I don't know. All I know is I want you and my body won't be denied. Only—Only—

"Yes?"
 "Only, I've never done it before, Henry. You'll have to be gentle with me. Very gentle."

"I'll be gentle," he promised and with great gentleness and knowing technique proceeded to start taking off her clothes.

She writhed with eagerness as his hands stid down first one and then the other stocking. Her hips undulated through no conscious will of hers as he unbuttoned her dress and worked it free of her. Her hands pushed his against one bare breast as soon as he had unclasped her bra. And her body arched passionately to allow him to slide her panties off. Then she watched, trembling, as he too undressed.

Gently, Henry guided her to the bearskin rug on the floor. Gently, he indicated that she should stretch out. Gently, he lay beside her. Gently, he caressed her. And then gently, he made love to her and gentleness changed to fiery passion as they were mutually carried away on the crest of their lovemaking.

At this point a certain facet of Henry's daydream showed signs of becoming too realistic to be allowed in a public place and so he reluctantly broke it off. The lady in black was still sitting down the bar from

him, and he took one last look at her, sighed for being the coward he was in reality, picked up his check and started to walk toward the cashier to pay it. His path led him past the lady's stool, and as he drew abreast of it, she quite deliberately extended one shapely leg and tripped him.

"I beg your pardon," Henry said, turning red as he inadvertently grasped one of her shoulders and one of her breasts to keep from falling down.

"Sall right, sweetie. What'sya hurry, anyway? Got a date?"

"Uh, no."

"Whyncha keep a girl company?"

"I'm sorry, I uh—"

"I been watchin' ya. Ya look lonely. Doncha want company, sweetie?"

"Well, uh—"

"Ah, why beat around it. Look, honey, the hell with the prelims. It'll cost ya ten and two."

"I don't think I under—"

"Ten for me; two for the hotel room. Whaddya say? Wanna have a party?"

"No. No." Henry retreated in confusion. "Thank you very much, but no." He paid the check and bolted out the door.

Halfway down the block things began rearranging themselves in some kind of realistic perspective. "That was a damn-fool way to act," Henry told himself. "I behaved like a real jerk. I should have said—" And his mind began replaying the scene more to his liking.

TORTURE ON THE MAGAZINE RACK

(Continued from page 64)

ever known. Among the oriental specialties are films, postcards, books, drugs and "art works" pandering to the sick and salacious. Certain Scandinavian countries specialize in sex alteration surgery and practice effective abortion operations on a clinical scale. Slavery is still practiced in a few far flung western areas. One Mediterranean country has become skillful at not only drug manufacture—but drug piracy. In fact, they are so successful at planting research spies in critical areas, they can afford to undersell the American markets on drugs developed in our country. This is most easy when their research costs are nil.

Royalty has always had a long history of amusement through immorality. Present day royalty is no exception. My gleanings anecdote many lively bed indiscretions by persons of high peirage. Reckless play is so rampant, that I've begun to question who's with whom and when!

Abroad, the American is not the only ugly character. The citizenry of less fortunate nations are well organized and adept at selling bogus

art treasure, overcharge at hotels, bistros, and inns, slash luggage and commit other acts of burglary. Moreover, the visiting American is easy prey for con artists, influence peddlers, and introduction makers.

World War II and the Korean War are long over. But it is only through magazine pulp that I can get some of the more spectacular incidents connected with the game of war. For example, I've learned that the Germans were accomplished at rigging toilet seats so that the user would be instantly emasculated upon sitting. In the pacific, an unknown patriot ran a house of comfort for air service personnel only. The fee for admittance was the successful downing of a Japanese aircraft. The top event in her maison de pleasure was a weekend with the proprietress herself. To win this privilege, a flyer had to have the highest kill score of the week. Regrettably, my own war experiences denied me any of the glamorous vignettes of this ilk. This is especially sad since the lady in question was alleged to be of great beauty and erotic accomplishment.

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perusals do offer threads of hope and constructive inducements. I find that I can tutor myself in law, mathematics and English. Too, I can learn the art of hypnotism. If my sexual vigor should fail I have recourse to vitamins, bee preparations and mink oil. What I lack in sex technique can be bolstered with a wide assortment of sex instruction books with real meat in every chapter. I find that careers are open to me in detective work, drafting and electronic repair. I shouldn't fear the street criminal. I can learn the mastery of Judo and Karate. If it is extra money I need, I can sell all kinds of foreign merchandise bought low, which I can sell high. Too, I can become my own Zekendorf by buying real estate parcels and selling them off as the land booms. And as a final consideration of my welfare I need never be lonely.

Dozens of lonely heart clubs are pleading for me to just write for a listing of eligible ladies dying to meet an honorable fellow—some are reputed to be well endowed.

To cap my opportunities, after finding the lady of my choice, outfitting her with a suitable wardrobe is no problem. I have many advertisements to choose from in obtaining scanty panties, uplifting bras, and hosiery that hold the harried eye.

COME TO ME SWEETLY

(Continued from page 37)

when you called." The waiter put down two big martinis.

"You haven't had any breakfast." I somehow said it like a big announcement as I stared at those drinks.

"Oh, that's all right," she assured me. "I haven't been up long enough to get hungry." And she picked up her glass, lifted it toward me in a kind of half toast, and drank about a fourth of it.

"Is this your vacation?" I asked her, only because there didn't seem to be any real way to start this conversation. A fellow can't just hand a girl a drink and say "Now what's the story, honey?"

"I never take vacations. I have just moved permanently to New York City."

"Last night you looked just beat." "Well, I'd been on that bus—or some bus—for hours and hours and worrying about where I was all the time and so who wouldn't be!"

"Where you were? When people get on a bus they have a ticket and a destination."

She stared at me a second. "You're just like all the others," she sighed. "I had a ticket and a destination but the bus driver got it all mixed up."

I took a good, big swallow of my drink.

"You see, there I was in Chicago, and as I was moving to New York

I'm positively not a prude or a bluenose. But my six months literary diet has thrown me in a state of near panic. Saddism, it seems, has replaced love; the heroin shot has been substituted for the roller coaster; sex orgies are more popular than lawn parties. Ethics have given away to the hot pursuit of the dollar. The fix man and hoax serve the community more importantly than the P.T.A. Abroad life is no more secure with the greedy hands of foreigners constantly in my pockets either lawfully or unlawfully.

Safety national or international is impossible. The espionage agents are everywhere in high class spy activity too expert to be envisioned. Perhaps corruption will overtake us as surely as the threat of all out A-bomb war.

From my vantage point, I can see only one solution: I must find a Pacific Island retreat. Its populace must be so well endowed with the necessities of life that competition is nil. Tensions which accompany a technological society must be completely absent. A diet of copra and fresh fish seem better to me than steak and ulcers. If my magazine communication is correct, society for me is overwhelming in the so-called civilized world.

permanently, I thought I might as well stop in Detroit and see Charles. He is playing in a show there. Art took me to the bus in Chicago and bought my ticket to New York with a stopover in Detroit. That way I could see Niagara Falls and all those New York mountains."

"It's not such a rough trip from Detroit on a bus," I countered. And then there was the break at Niagara Falls."

"I never got there," she said wistfully. "I think I never really got anywhere and it took twenty-six hours."

"Twenty-six hours!" I gasped. You can get a mighty long way on today's roads in twenty-six hours. Where were you?"

"I really don't know. Charles and I got into a very serious conversation about why didn't I stay in Chicago as it was too late for me to start a career in a big city and one career was enough and that was going to be his. I knew that wouldn't work and I thought I might as well break up the whole thing right then. But I didn't tell him."

"Are you married to Charles?" I inquired casually.

"No," she sighed. "And I guess now I never will be. That's what caused my emotional upheaval. I knew I had to get out of the hotel before he got back from the theater

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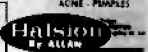
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or I'd never be able to go through with it. So I called up the bus station and asked if they had a bus leaving at midnight. They told me they did, and I left a note tied to the pillow on the bed and went to the bus station. I just forgot to ask the man where the midnight bus was going."

I didn't believe it. Nobody just gets on a bus.

"What about your ticket? Didn't you give it to the driver?"

"Oh, yes, and he acted very peculiar about the whole thing. He asked me where I was going and I said just like it says on the ticket—to New York City. He told me not to get on the bus and he went back in the station. Then he came out, gave me back my ticket and said, 'Just get on and don't say anything to anybody.' That was easy since I didn't know any one on the bus and I don't talk to strangers."

I accepted the lefthanded compliment. I wondered how long it usually took not to be a stranger.

"We left at midnight all right," she went on. "I looked out the window occasionally for I didn't want to miss Niagara Falls. I didn't think it ought to be very far from Detroit. It got to be two-thirty, and we hadn't come to it, so I went up to the bus driver and said, 'Pardon me, but could you tell me when we get to Niagara Falls?' I guess he didn't see me coming up, and I surprised him. I thought for a minute he was going to drive right off the road. He pulled on the wheel and got the bus straightened out and he said, 'You planning to go to Buffalo?' I

got out my ticket and showed him. I had a ticket marked from Detroit to Buffalo to Elmira to New York City. I pointed this out and he squinted up at me and asked, 'You planning to stop over in Buffalo, Lady?' 'Why should I?' I snapped at him. 'I don't know anybody in Buffalo.' 'Lady, he said, 'Just go on back and sit down.' I did. What else could I do? When a man gets a stubborn fit like that and won't talk, you better walk off and leave him. About an hour later he suddenly started calling out orders like, 'This bus will arrive in Cleveland in twenty minutes. This is the end of the line. All passengers for other destinations please transfer to other buses at this stop.' I got off and went up to one of the porters. I asked him when the next bus left for New York City. His eyes got as big as silver dollars. 'Lady,' he sputtered, 'Didn't you just get off that bus from Detroit?' I said I had and I now wished to get right back on one for New York City. I showed him my ticket. I pointed out that I needed to get the one to Buffalo. He looked at the ticket. 'You planning to stop over in Buffalo?' he asked me. 'What for?' I said. 'I don't know anybody in Buffalo.' I was beginning to be annoyed with that question. I was also beginning to wonder if that was where you got off the bus to go to Niagara Falls. Maybe I wouldn't be able to see it from the bus. Little did I know . . ."

By this time I was beginning to get the picture, and I was also getting a little bored. This dame, for all she was a kook—yet, a good-na-



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tured well-meaning, kook—and I began pondering whether she was worth spending any more time with, or whether I should excuse myself right now and scam.

She took a long swallow of her martini and continued, "I couldn't even guess which way we were heading by now..."

Abruptly I interrupted her. "Look, it's pretty obvious this bus ride or whatever it was has still got you shook up. I'm not doing anything today, so why don't we take advantage of a beautiful afternoon together, and I can show you a couple of museums and things."

She finished the rest of her drink in one gulp and shook her head in a sort of confused way, then looked me straight in the eye and said, "The hell with the museums. Let's take a walk while the sun's still out, and then we can decide what we want to do later." With that she reached for the jacket she had thrown over the back of her chair, and as I rose to help her on with it, I took a good look at the way she filled that sweater she was wearing and hoped like hell she had the same ideas about what to do later as I did.

It turned out that she did.

The walk consisted of a fast amble around the block, after which she complained, "These high heels hurt me. Besides," she added, "things'll be cozier in my hotel room."

That was all I needed to get my heart racing like an overwound alarm clock. Her hand, soft and damp, practically melted in mine, and the 200 feet or so to her hotel room seemed like a million miles.

Nevertheless, it was our destiny to reach our destination. After she bolted the double lock, she quickly began throwing off her clothes. "Hurry, please hurry," she pleaded, and I, in my clumsy efforts to undress, almost ripped my pants and shirt.

In minutes we were in each others

arms; seconds later lost in hot, moist, passionate embrace. There had never been anyone like her. She had that quality a man could never get enough of, and she possessed the ability to make him come to her over and over again. I didn't care what kind of kook she was. She transformed this shabby hotel room into a paradise of breathtaking splendor. I didn't want to be anywhere else.

Later we lay together peacefully (I didn't even feel the need for a cigarette). Then she started to speak. "I can't get over it. Everybody on the bus line said exactly the same thing. They sure had a one-track mind. I thought about what I was doing in Cleveland. It didn't seem right that I should be there at the time..."

"Shushah," I said. "Later... Tell me about it later."

She sat upright in bed and glowered at me. "That's what Charles used to say. 'Later, baby, later.'" She spoke these last words in an angrily mincing imitation of baby talk.

And then I saw it all. At first I thought she was too good to be true, just as that Charles fellow probably did. I knew it was going to be a while before I'd have to give her up—as he did. Outside of the act of love she was an impossible, disconnected screwball. In the act of love, however, she fulfilled a man as no normal woman could. She had come to me so sweetly, but I knew there would be a time when I couldn't stand her anymore. As for right now, I was still able to last out her idiotic narrative in expectation of the ecstatic, passionate moments ahead. Yet I'd have given anything for some cotton to put into my ears, for she was saying, "You were so sweet to notice how shook up I was from this bus ride. But you should've seen me the time I took a trip from Detroit to Chicago. It had a lot of stopovers, too—Detroit to Toledo, to Dayton, to Indianapolis..."



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WHERE SEX FLOPS

(Continued from page 16)

early wave of R & R admitted freely that they did not know what was good or what was bad. So long as the recorded group had a "sound," the disc was deemed salable. (All record companies are buggy by their hunt for singers and groups who have a "sound." One of the most popular R & R sounds, aside from the beat, is the tremulous femi-nine falsetto of a male singer. A "sound" generally is taken to mean anything that distinguishes one re-cording group from another.) R & R records were thrown promiscuously on the market. Many failed but many others succeeded, bringing in-stant success to record companies which had a total capitalization to match the size of their risks. The recording artists, the kids, were ex-ploited unmercifully. Many of them worked day and night plugging their records, performing for nothing, and wound up making approximately zero. Some, more successful, gained momentary glory and earned the in-come of shipping clerks. Of course, as in all crap games, some got rich and a sizable cluster of young mil-lionaires was produced.

Then the disc jockeys on radio got into the Rock and Roll Racket. (The various scandals which ensued served to indicate how far the DJs did get in.) Disc jockeys, of course, are made by the juvenile listeners and cater to their interests. Natu-rally, although the vast majority of radio listeners were not all inter-ested in the bawling gang sound the kids were beating out, they were stuck. The top twenty and the top forty songs played on the air were what the R & R revolutionists wanted and got. Any DJ who strayed from the fold lost a good hunk of his rating and sometimes his job.

Finally, the major recording com-panies, which in the initial stages of the R & R wave of the future, had refused to produce what they called junk, capitulated. They had good reasons for it, too. It was not merely the easy buck in the R & R sweepstakes although that was one very tempting reason to join the trend. More important in the con-siderations of the major record com-panies was their fear that the new record production companies would use their easy R & R successes to cut the giants down. The majors de-fended their interests by swelling R & R production which made the kids' hold on the market complete and secure.

Nevertheless, vocal pop artists like Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett still were in demand by the young adults. Sinatra, eventually, had to adjust his recording patterns. Re-

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search indicated that most audiences do not really like to listen. Listening is disturbing. So Sinatra like so many others switched to a homogenized style of record performance. What was produced was a blanket of sound, wall to wall sound via stereo, great to have cocktails by, marvelous to eat dinner to, and unsurpassed for making love.

Tony Bennett who was launched as a kid idol, graduated to the position of being a great performer. While Bennett is a big name adult attraction he is still able to reach the record buying kid market — a rare accomplishment.

Yet, names like Frankie Laine, once big in records, seem to have disappeared. Nevertheless, for all their status, performers of the Sinatra, Bennett mold are outsold handily by the bawling kid groups who dominate the sales picture. Country music, a perennial favorite in the West and South, holds its own and has made certain inroads in the East and Far West. The rise of folk music and music that sounds like folk music has been one of the phenomena of the last decade. Its chief support comes from the large college crowd. Twenty to thirty years ago the folk song bit was intended for the precious few who

could dig the hit parade of 1776 or earlier. The early advocates like Richard Dyer-Bennett, Susan Reed, and Burl Ives are no longer the big names. Pete Seeger, on the other hand, survives brightly in the hearts of his countrymen. Yet, these individuals have all been surpassed by the folk groups—much for the same reasons that R & R groups have risen to prominence. Groups are inexpensive to record and they produce a big sound. Individual singers in the groups are not very impressive. Sometimes they are downright poor. None of the group associates could step out and do a creditable job as solo performers—let alone become successful at it.

Since the folk singing fraternity is directed to college audiences, folk singers sell mostly albums, at \$5 a pop. R & R records, on the other hand, sell biggest as singles. Fortunately for the folk artists the college population can afford to buy albums—and they do.

Today it is no longer enough to sing the tried-and-true folk chestnuts like "Blue Tail Fly," "I Gave My Love a Cherry" or "Blow the Man Down." New "antique" material is needed. The mountains, valleys, seaports and archives of the world are constantly culled for "new" old

songs, too many of which had best remained buried. Recently, folk singers and groups have even reached out for satirical material, wrought in the folk manner but freshly minted. This field only a short time ago, considered uncommercial, has proved to be a profitable recording area. And the more profitable it has become, the more commercial have become the once-pure folk musicians. Like the others who look for the big buck, they must find a "right sound" which rarely includes good singing. The performers must look attractive in person and on record covers. Vocally they must come on big and rhythmically. Little by little the folk gang joins the recording crowd with their own brand of success formula. In this way they get closer to the ideal approach—reach the twelve-year-old taste and mind and get rich.

An extraordinary exception to this rule has been Harry Belafonte. An outstanding performer, Belafonte bases his work on folk sources, but he subjects his material to the refinement and development that raises his work far above the accepted and prevailing standards.

Nevertheless, in the march toward money via records too many extra-

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ordinary talents are swept aside. A notable example is singer-theatrical performer Ellie Stone, who though she has been acclaimed by critics and fellow entertainers, is forced to remain silent, insofar as recordings are concerned.

H. L. Mencken once observed that nobody ever lost money underestimating the intelligence of the American public. To this one might add

THOSE WILD, WILD, WILD SIN CULTS

(Continued from page 30)

as well as the sexual life of living creatures. The energy is blue in color and is the reason that the sky is blue. It is the most powerful force in the universe, according to this theory, and some day would even be used to run motors.

Since orgone energy is the basis of sexual energy in humans, a proper organism cannot take place unless the body is filled with it. So Reich invented an "Orgone Energy Accumulator," a large phone-booth-like box which traps the cosmic energy and concentrates it upon the man or woman inside. This not only helps the sex life, but the general health of the patient. Indeed, orgone enthusiasts believe that, properly controlled, the energy can be used to cure such diseases as cancer. A neurotic personality, however, can-

that record makers are learning that you can also lose a lot of cash, overestimating the U. S. citizen's sex drive.

With the 12-year-old influence prevailing, truly groovy performers with lots of zip, wit, talent and sexuality don't have a chance. What's worse, the listener with normal adult tastes doesn't have much of a chance, either.

not be cured with physical orgone energy, however. He must be given special therapy, the goal of which is to enable him to reach a complete orgasm and thus permit him to make proper use of the cosmic energy.

If all this appears slightly weird, there are a good many men who have taken it all in. Many of the so-called "hipster" writers, for example, have based their own sexual philosophy on Reich's. Unfortunately, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration was not convinced that orgone energy existed. In 1954, they issued an injunction which Reich ignored. He was put on trial, convicted of contempt of the injunction and sent to prison. He died there in 1957. Nevertheless his theories and the cult that follows them go marching on.

Nowadays, the cult of free-love



"You should be in bed. How about it?"

has no followers—or rather, it has so many followers that it is no longer a genuine cult. But in the 1910s and 1930s, it was a well-entrenched sex cult. Actually, free-love began as a female movement. (Men have always wanted free-love, except they don't call it that and feel no need to start a movement over it!) It was tied up with the feminist cause of equal rights, Marriage, the free-lovers believed, was bondage for a woman and caused her the indignity of changing her name. The best way she could assert herself as an individual, therefore, was to live with a man in "free union," as two equal individuals. "Every time I take a lover," one girl of the times was quoted as saying, "I'm striking a blow for women's rights!"

The above remark is a curiously violent one—likely to shed light on the emotional cause of sex cults. Dr. Fredric Wertham noted, "I believe

on the basis of clinical research that violence is contagious—and sexual violence more contagious than any other kind." Thus members of neo-Nazi parties, teenaged gangs, wife-swapping groups, pseudo-psychiatric movements and off-beat religious sects—regardless of how distorted they are—are seen to fulfill rebellious violence against authority. Only a few years ago, a snake-worshipping sect was discovered in the south—one that carried out orgies very similar to those of the ancient god, Dionysius. Perhaps America, with its Puritan background, is more receptive to both screwy and exotic sex-cults than the less-inhibited countries of Europe. Perhaps also our climate of free-speech permits a cultist to build up a following with fewer restrictions.

Whatever the reason though, when you talk about cults—America has 'em—by the bushel-full.

THE GROWING FAD OF SEX SING-ALONGS

(Continued from page 61)

the men and women in the room are group session veterans they are relaxed and ready to bare it and ego almost as soon as they have entered the treatment chamber. As a matter of fact, four of the nine patients had had dinner together before session time. These four feel close to each other. One of the couples has been dating for several months. Since dating for men and women in their thirties and forties is not of high school caliber, intimate relations frequently become part of the process. In the case of one of the couples this latter event has not fully taken place. The man, an accountant in his early forties, is struggling against homo-sexual inclinations to which he has never yielded. Although he tries, he is unable to complete the sexual act. The lady on the other hand, knowing the accountant's problem, is quite patient. Having been twice divorced and unhappy in both of her marriages, she does not believe sex is everything. They have talked about marriage but it must depend on each of them overcoming their problems. The problem of the woman is her tendency to dominate her male partners.

The other couple feels that they are doing well together. The girl, in her late twenties, is a moderately successful portrait painter who has constantly fought against feelings of deep depression. Once, she attempted suicide. The man, in his early thirties, is a publicist who covers his anxieties and feeling of emptiness behind a fast talking, four letter wording, got the world by the nose, personality facade. The fact that these couples in the same group have been dating each other might be greeted by shouts of indignation

by many group advocates who theoretically forbid group members from establishing social contact with each other. Yet the truth of the matter is that social and personal involvement within groups is almost unavoidable. Many participants in groups devoted to therapy accept the situation on two levels. The first, of course, is psychoanalytic aid. The second, is as an intimate over twenty-eight club where participants really get to know each other from skin to soul.

The analyst leading this particular group, had no objections to his patients seeing each other. He believes that it is part of life and unavoidable. He also believes that the outside inter-relationship of some of the group members hastens both individual and group therapy. The dating couples will discuss all of the detail of their relationships with the group. There are no secrets. Only the most frank and open discussions of feelings and problems can be of aid in the progress toward emotional health.

There is another cardinal rule which applies to people in group therapy. They are pledged to complete secrecy about all group affairs. They are sternly warned never to discuss the group session with any one. This includes, husbands, wives, friends or relatives. This rule while necessary since it guarantees the sanctity and privacy of patient-doctor relationships is unfortunately difficult for those in therapy to adhere to. It seems to be in the nature of the human animal to talk to others even while in group session. After a patient leaves group therapy it is almost certain that he will reveal his feelings to others. (Cont.)

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The other members of this particular group are a husband and wife who are wildly hostile toward each other. Married for fourteen years, parents of two children, they have been tormenting each other almost from the beginning of their marriage. Yet, neither of them wants to leave the other. The reason that they have offered is the typical one: the children. In the months of therapy they have learned that the children have nothing to do with it. Each of them, because of the history of early childhood, believes that the other does not genuinely respect his mate. Each mate feels worthless and unlovable. Each fights the other continuously and through that fight symbolically attack their parents whom they believe never loved or wanted them. They enjoy sexual relationships only after a fight. The tensions between them have affected their children both of whom have developed neurotic tendencies. The group sessions have been of great help to them although they often have exhibited their hostilities at the sessions. The inter-actions of their personalities and problems with the other group members has helped them to look deeply into themselves. For the first time in many years, the married couple has a hope that they can build a happier life together. While the hostility still breaks out, it shows signs of waning.

Also a group member is an attractive brunette who looks forward to her thirtieth birthday with a certain amount of dread. She has never had sexual relations and, although she has tried, has never been able to

accept a man. She has had suitors and she has turned them away. She occasionally dates the two other male members of the group. One of them is quite fond of her. The other feels hostile toward her because she reminds him of his former wife. He has told the group that he goes out with her because he would like to establish an affair with the brunette. He recognizes that his motive is to hurt her. Yet he has become jealous of the other male and within the group they have become rivals.

The same brunette, during group sessions, occasionally has the great urge to sit on the analyst's lap. He makes no objection to her requests although he reminds her pointedly that he is not her father. He also points out that he is a man and by sitting on his lap she is acting as a temptress.

The two rivals in the group invariably become angry with the therapist when the brunette is on his lap. They are aware that she feels safe with the analyst who in this stage of her therapy represents a father figure.

Inter-actions within the group very often reach points of verbal violence. On other occasions a great tenderness is demonstrated. The patients after many sessions in which they have gotten to know each other intimately through sharing all their problems of emotional living become somewhat of a family and somewhat of a microcosm of society as the theorists of group psychotherapy state. In this situation lies one of the inherent problems of group therapy; many patients are reluctant to leave.

The group has become a protective environment which the patients have substituted for real life. In the group they are accepted and no matter how much each group member is criticized by the others, it is here that they feel wanted.

There have been groups which have devoured themselves. This is not an uncommon end to the therapy. It happens because the therapist can not control the many patterns of conflict, jealousy, rivalry and alliance which are formed. The group, consequently, with many re-creations, dissolves. Whether by mutual consent or by the drop-out of its constituents makes no difference.

The group therapy theorists also believe that a patient is cured when the patient can move from the protected microcosm family-society into the unprotected impersonal, competitive society and deal with problems as they are presented. But when this should happen is too often a matter of group opinion. Due to the involved and sometimes incestuous nature of the group family there may be a reluctance to agree that a member is ready to face life on his own. Since no member of a group is a bastion of self confidence, a negative opinion can come as a severe blow to the man or woman who may have thought himself adjusted and ready for the world. Many group members consequently do not suggest readiness to face the world but wait until the therapist suggests that he is ready to leave. Group therapy because of its intimate social nature invites imitators who are not psychologists. Some of these use psychodrama techniques to "help" people with emotional problems. The "therapist" in such a case gathers a group around himself in which individuals under "treatment" act out their emotional problems in improvised theatrical situations. The "leader" then comments, as do the other members of the psycho-drama group, on what they believe the meaning is, how it pertains to the problem of the person acting. Without judging the cure values—the social values are there: over 28 boy meets over 28 girl.

Many of the contemporary actors studios and classes use techniques and methods related to group psychoanalytic therapy to allow actors and actresses to understand themselves better.

There is a great deal of positive value in group therapy provided it is properly motivated and conducted. Yet, it's a pity that patients and therapists alike often fail to realize they're all too human. After all, who can blame a man and woman for wanting to make the most of their new-found chance to go to bed with one another?

THE INCREDIBLE MAFIA GIRL

(Continued from page 56)

routine set in the beautiful call girl found a way to liven things up for a few more laughs, a few more kicks. She practiced a little extortion and blackmail against some of her clients with the aid of mob enforcers. And if any of these schemes became police matters she tried to the best of her ability to "solve" them. It provided her with the thrills she wanted. Ironically, it was by totally embroiling everybody in her honey-covered spider web that she remained perfectly untouchable.

Her mob lover still slapped her around once in a while, but she didn't mind bleeding at the mouth as long as she knew she could even the score.

You might ask why it is that the higher-ups of the Mafia don't wreak their inexorable revenge on this not-too-sweet beauty. The answer is simple: She's most valuable alive, supplying them with important secrets that she plies from officials who hunger for her body.

But, you might ask, what about

the mob members this doll has snatched on? Isn't stooping the unforgivable sin of the underworld—even for a pigeon?

The answer again is simple: The big shots of Cosa Nostra, or Our Thing, as it is translated, know full well that a price must be paid for everything. Getting vital information, is important for the protection of Our Thing; and so the mobsters permit their little thing to squeal on them once in awhile. The fall guy, as it turns out, is usually some harmless jerk, a mentally deficient gunman who owes the mob a favor or two and will pay off by going up the river for a stretch.

And so this astonishing call girl continues to operate at full steam. Fortunately she has thus far confined her activities to local, state and national levels. However, should her kicks grow thin, causing her to seek new worlds to conquer—like heads of state, ministers and military officers—it would be too chilling to contemplate. ●

THAT EXTRA SOMETHING



If you've seen "Double Takes for the Asking," on p. 57, you'll appreciate this bonus shot of Diane Heath "puttin' on the dog" with appropriate prop.



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